TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE

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GRICULTURAL LANDS OF UNITED STATES DOUBLE IN VALUE DURING PAST DECADE

ARM VALUES HOW BIG GAIN IN TEN YEARS

eau of Census Figures for 920 Show Increase of early 33 Millions in Last Decade.

N INCREASE of $32,994,839,-687 was added to the value of the farms of the United es—meaning, value of land buildings—during the 10 s ending Jan. 1, 1920. Fig- released by the bureau of census place the full value at 95,965,384 as compared with 01,125,697 on April 15, 1910. represents an increase in value ng the decade of 94.8 per cent. the value of the agricultural t has been climbing at the rate about $3,300,000,000 a year, h ought to chirk up husbandry t despite the tremendous drop rices of farm products.

he number of farms increased 1.4 per cent during the decade; total area of land in farms in-sed 8.7 per cent; the total acres mproved land increased only 6 cent, while the value of farms ly doubled. The figures are r than the estimates in the sec-ry of agriculture's report last ter, but they are the final au-ity.

ggest Increase in Central West.

uring the 10 years the value of average farm—land and build-—rose from $5,471 in 1910, to 514 in 1920. The average value acre of land and buildings went 70.94. In 1910 it was $39.60; in it was $19.81. Back in 1860 it $16.32. In 10 years it has bed more than in the preceding years. The increase in the value the average agricultural prop-—nearly 95 per cent—has about t up with the diminishment in buying power of the dollar.

he greatest increase registered the 12 states in the two north tral divisions, which have more n one-half—51 per cent—of all improved farm lands in the ntry. In the five east north cen-states—Illinois, Indiana, Mich-n, Wisconsin, Ohio—the average ue per farm jumped from $7,899 $15,080, in the 10 years, or 91 cent, despite the fact that acre-decreased in all five states but higan and Wisconsin.

n the seven west north central es, the great grain belt, average ue per farm went up to $22,317 m $10,464, a boost of 113 per t. In Iowa it was 137 per cent, being the state where the land m raged fiercest. In Illinois the reased value per farm was 123 cent.

ive states report average value farm above $25,000. They are: a, $35,616; South Dakota, $33,-; Illinois, $31,270; Nebraska, 927; California, $26,122.

even states now report values farm land and buildings in ex-s of $3,000,000,000. They are: a, $7,601,772,290; Illinois, $7,-583,951; Nebraska, $3,723,536,-, Texas, $3,747,799, 544; Minne-, $3,301,168,325; California, $3,-811,109; Missouri, $3,062,967,-

Ten years ago Iowa and Illi-s were the only states above the 000,000,000 mark.

Other nearby states register farm d and building values as follows: iana, $2,653,643,900; Michigan, 437,862,310; Wisconsin, $2,187,-,973; Kansas, $2,830,063,918.

Few New Farms.

Eight states are reported with rage value of land and buildings acre of farms at more than 0 per acre. They are: Illinois, 1.93; Iowa, $227.09; Indiana, 5.98; Ohio, $113.18; New Jersey, 9.67; Minnesota, $109.23; Cali-nia, $104.67; Connecticut, $100.-

Ten years ago Illinois was the y state up to the $100 mark in census returns.

Increased values are reflected in smaller growth in number of

Continued on Page Fifteen.

To Head Budget System

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CHARLES G. DAWES.

WHEN the budget system is put into effect by the U. S. government Charles G. Dawes, Chicago banker and former brigadier-general in charge of purchases with the A. E. F., will be at its head. President Harding has selected him to run the bureau that will pare expenses and further economy in the transaction of government business.

General Dawes was born in Marietta, Ohio, studied law in Cincinnati and was admitted to the bar, practicing in Nebraska.. Later he moved to Illinois and at one time was member of the executive committee of the Republican national committee. From 1897 to 1902 he was comptroller of the currency and then became president of an Illinois bank.

This Paper Prints in This Issue—

REPORT of census bureau showing value of land and buildings on farms of the United States increased nearly 33 million dollars in the last ten years. The percentage of increase is 94.8 per cent. The number of farms increased only 1.4 per cent during the decade, the total area increased 8.7 per cent.

American Federation of Labor forces which tried to overthrow Samuel Gompers and elect John L. Lewis to succeed him were overthrown and Gompers and his entire administration were returned to office when Lewis was overwhelmingly defeated for president of the federation.

Western and midwestern bankers do not agree with the eastern financiers regarding the foreign expansion policy of the administration, it was revealed at a dinner given by President Harding last week to a group of prominent western bankers. The west is against any further extended financing of Europe either through loans or trade credits.

Members of the American Legion legislative committee are confident congress will enact a war bonus law in spite of the campaign being staged by the Chamber of Commerce of the United States against rewarding the ex-service men for the sacrifices they made for the country during the war.

Mystery of the eight ships that have vanished completely on the Atlantic ocean in recent months is puzzling government authorities who are wondering if piracy on the high seas is being practiced again.

"The biggest fact about any community is that a certain man was born there," writes William T. Ellis this week.

King George and Queen Mary attended the opening of the new northern Ireland parliament in Belfast, it being the first time in 19 years that the king has visited Belfast. The royal couple were heavily guarded.

SAM GOMPERS AGAIN ELECTED HEAD OF A. F. L.

Veteran President Wins Overwhelming Victory Over John L. Lewis to Lead Federation for Year.

President Samuel Gompers and his entire administration was returned to office for another year by the annual convention of the American Federation of Labor after overwhelmingly defeating opposition for the presidency and one of the vice presidencies.

Daniel J. Tobin of Indianapolis, was re-elected treasurer, and Frank Morrison of Washington, was re-elected secretary. John Fischer, of Indianapolis and Matthew Woll of Chicago were re-elected seventh and eighth vice-presidents, respectively.

Cincinnati was selected as the place for the 1922 convention.

This sweeping victory, the labor chief said, at the close of the federation's forty-first annual convention, demonstrated that the American trade union movement "will not submit to dictation from the forces of corruption or greed—neither the Hearsts nor the Garys can chart our course or select our leaders.

Labor United, He Says.

"Our movement is united. It is prepared to be aggressive in defense of the rights of the toilers. It will not be swerved from its course.

"It will be a sad day for the aspirations of the working people of our land when corrupt and intriguing interests can either divide our movement, change our course or destroy its leadership. The vote has demonstrated to the world that we have not yet come upon that day.

"The whole work of the convention, the resolutions and declarations adopted, the policies indicated, mean for the future a united, progressive militant movement, following upon a progressive, fruitful and militant past."

The labor chief's forces made a clean sweep from the beginning, when President Gompers was returned to the presidency for the fortieth time by overwhelming John L. Lewis, president of the United Mine Workers, by a vote of 25,022 to 12,324.

The vote was taken amid scenes of wild enthusiasm, rivaling those of national political conventions. The galleries were packed with spectators. The convention floor was overflowing with delegates and their friends, cheers and applause swept the auditorium at every vote.

Several attempts by the Gompers supporters to stampede the delegates for the veteran leader during the demonstration failed, as scores of delegates withheld their enthusiasm and remained silently in their seats, unmoved by the urging of fellow delegates.

This was the first time that Gompers had been seriously opposed since 1894, when he was defeated by John McBride, a mine worker, but he was returned to office the following year.

When his victory was announced, the labor leader, who is now 71 years old, could scarcely control his emotions and was on the verge of tears when he took his place at the rostrum to thank the delegates for their support and confidence.

Lewis of the miners arose in the rear of the hall and in a stirring address stated he accepted the defeat without any feeling of resentment. He was given a tremendous ovation as he concluded his speech.

WORLD-HISTORY IN THE MAKING

COUNT AMONG the big events of the times Jack Dempsey, Georges Carpentier, Admiral Sims, the Fourth of July, the economic situation of the world. Pessimists frequently ask, "What is the world coming to, anyhow?" Optimists don't bother their heads much over the answer. They live from day to day, always hoping for the best. This is the better psychology, philosophy, or whatever one may choose to call it.

Philip Gibbs, Englishman, greatest among correspondents during the World war, is not too optimistic over the economic situation of the world today. He has been telling how the Germans have been buckling down to the work of paying the indemnity assessed against them. The German people are determined to pay, and the only way they can pay is by working. As a result they are setting the whole world an example in industry. But the example is not doing the world any particular good.

Gibbs has discovered a grotesque paradox. Those who shouted, "Make Germany pay," were clamoring for their own industrial ruin. He sees only one way out the dilemma of German indemnities, a choice between evils—payment by overwhelming competition or non-payment with allied war debts still burdening the people. "The way out of it is by economic arrangements with Germany by Great Britain, France and the United States which will balance imports with exports and raise the value of the German mark so Germany cannot undersell the world at exchange rates." But Gibbs says he is not sufficient expert to advise how this is to be done, "though it ought not to pass the wit of man."

THERE ARE TWO MEN in this country now who are not worrying about the economic situation that confronts the world. Both are optimists, or they pretend to be, for professional purposes. They are Jack Dempsey, American fistic champion, and Georges Carpentier, the Frenchman, who holds a similar title in that part of the universe across the Atlantic. July 2, after they settle their dispute, they will divide $500,000 between them, minus what Uncle Sam takes away from them for revenue purposes. And this sum will be tidy.

This fight will represent a million dollars. But there is no sense in fussing and moralizing over it, because that will do no good. The men who will patronize the fight will give up their money easily. They are not of the thrifty who patronize the savings banks. They are the kind who keep money in circulation.

What of the fight? The writer of this cannot answer. If a reliable prophecy could be based on wishes, then we could easily predict the triumph of the French gentleman. But even the experts cannot agree. No matter who wins, nothing that is of vital concern to the people will be settled.

FOLLOWING the fistic encounter will come the Fourth of July, the outcome of a seven-year fight. More than a hundred million people won as a result of that prolonged affair. They won freedom. That is something worth winning and worth keeping. The men who won it for them were a band of patriots who can never be forgotten by a grateful people.

This is not going to be a Fourth of July oration. It is not the purpose of the writer to try to make the eagle scream. But it is eminently appropriate for every American to make a mental note of what the early patriots fought for and suffered for—what they bequeathed him. The people of this nation are never ungrateful, but there are times when they are too busy to give thought to the most precious thing in their lives.

It is a big thing to set up a government of the people, for the people, by the people. Some little countries are trying it now, but the process is accompanied by travail. It cannot be done except by God-fearing men, through the helpful blessings of God. We were fortunate in the character of men who founded this independent nation.

ADMIRAL SIMS is at home. He came back from England in response to Secretary Denby's command, though he says he was coming, anyway. Denby reprimanded him publicly. Then the admiral went to call on the President. He came away smiling and acknowledged to the reporters that he had spilled the beans. He also stated that the incident is closed, and probably it is.

"Spilling the beans" may be the best way to define Admiral Sims' offense. Many thousands of people in this country may think exactly what the admiral said, yet they will have to admit that he used poor judgment in saying it. He is not a private citizen. He is responsible to the government at Washington, and the government is not making any jackass speeches during the hot weather.

BETTER DEAL FOR NEGRO, IS PRESIDENT'S AIM

President Harding, in a letter to the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, said he planned to proceed as early as possible to study the race question, with a view to ameliorating the treatment accorded to negroes, as outlined in his message to congress.

CANNOT REACH AGREEMENT ON EUROPEAN AID

Western Bankers at Dinner With President, Oppose Further Loans and Huge Credits Abroad.

Some extremely sharp differences of opinion and some "plain talk" regarding the foreign expansion policy of the administration developed at the White House at the dinner given by President Harding to a group of prominent western and midwestern bankers, it was learned.

The west, or a considerable section of it, is dead against any further extensive financing of Europe, either through the flotation of colossal international loans or through granting of huge trade credits, a number of the western financial men told the President.

This attitude on the part of the westerners is in marked contract to that exhibited by the eastern financiers and the international banking group headed by the Morgan and Rockefeller interests, who were entertained at a similar dinner at the White House several weeks ago. At the eastern dinner the President, Secretary of the Treasury Mellon and Secretary of Commerce Hoover, who also were guests, were told that it was to America's advantage to aid largely in the rehabilitation of Europe through the granting of loans and expansion of trade credits.

Can't Pay Interest.

Last week, however, it was a different story that the President and Secretaries Mellon and Hoover listened to, it is said. They were told that it was a mistaken policy to allow Europe to go on running further into debt when even now European countries cannot pay the interest on the sums which they already owe.

The theory expounded at length by George M. Reynolds of Chicago and shared by many of his western associates, was that the best way for Europe to get on her feet is to get to work, stop inflation, stop borrowing, introduce some economy—but get to work. What possible advantage either to America or to Europe can result, he asked, if Europe goes on getting deeper and deeper into debt and postponing the day of reckoning?

He was willing to grant, he said, that resumption of European buying on a grand scale would have a beneficial effect on American business and industry. But he expressed the conviction that it would be a "false prosperity," a prosperity built on a foundation of sand which would crumble with disastrous effect when the inevitable date of payment arrived.

As a matter of cold fact, Reynolds is reported to have said, it would be a good thing for the world's economic stability if European debt of $10,000,000,000 were wiped off the books. Then Europe could start paying cash for her purchase and there would be a solid foundation on which to build world economic stability.

Already Burden Enough.

Some of the Western bankers also are said to have expressed themselves against the proposal recently advanced by the administration to refund the allied debt of $10,000,000,000 into negotiable securities and allow them to be absorbed by the American investing public.

It was pointed out to the President and his advisers that the only way these securities would be made appealing to the investing public would be for the United States government to guarantee them. With the government already standing behind approximately $20,000,000,000 in Liberty bonds besides other government issues, the effect would be injurious in the main, it was stated, and would afford only a temporary relief.

None of those present at the dinner would hazzard an opinion as to what would be the results of the dinner and the interchange of opinions. It was evident, however, that the President and his advisers were frankly informed that the Eastern financiers and international bankers, headed by the Morgan and Rockefeller interests, do not speak for the financiers of the nation.

Debts of other nations to the United States are shown in a statement by Secretary of the Treasury Mellon as follows:

What the Allies Owe.

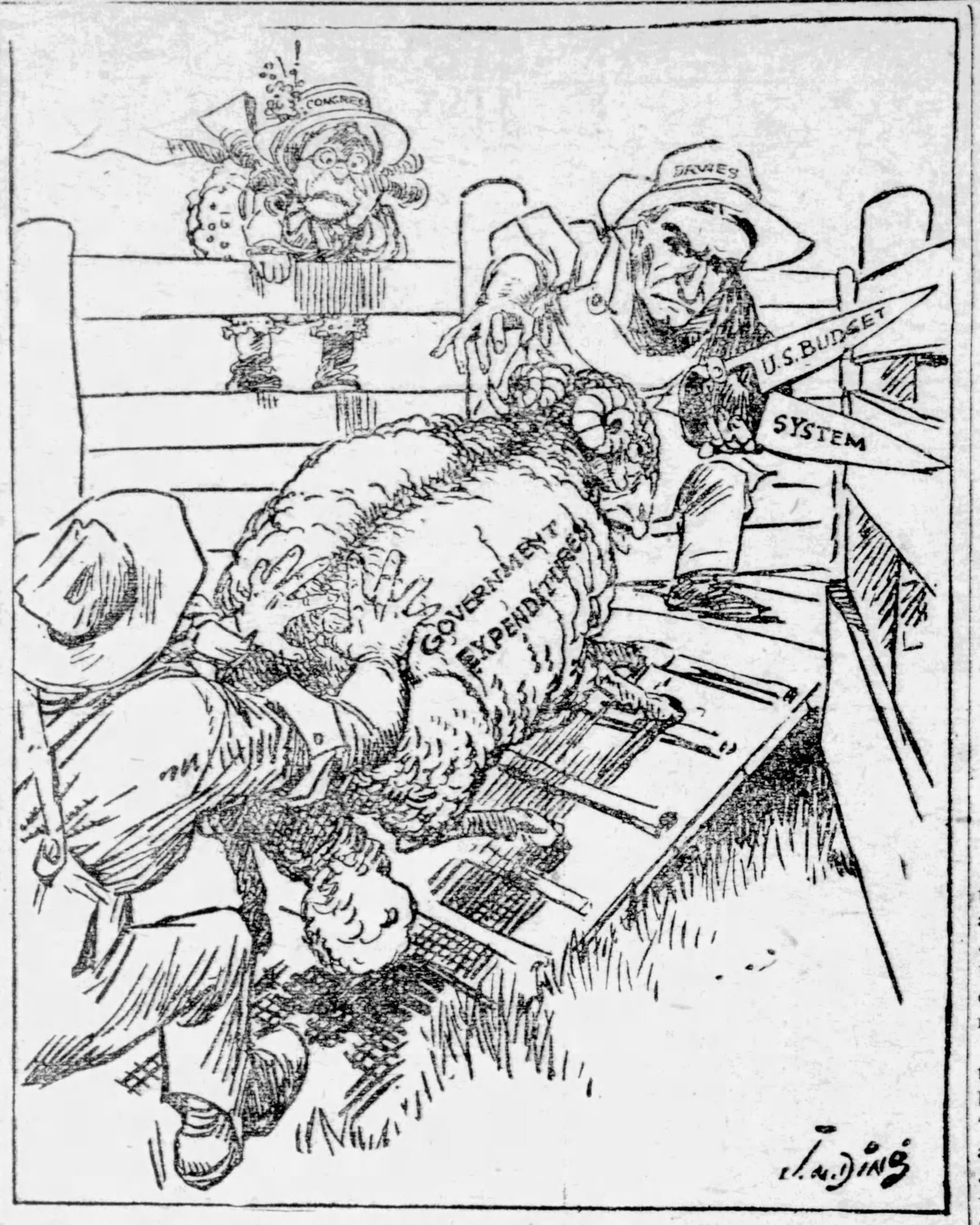
Great Britain, $4,166,318,358; France, $3,350,762,930; Italy, $1,648,034,050; Belgium, $375,280,147; Russia, $192,601,297; Poland, $135,661,659; Szecho-Slovakia, $91,179,527; Serbia, $51,153,159;; Roumania, $36,128,494; Austria, $24,055,708; Greece, $15,000,000; Esthonia, $13,199,144; Cuba, $9,025,500; Armenia, $11,959,917; Finland, $8,281,926; Latavia, $5,132,286; Lithuania, $4,981,627; Hungary, $1,685,835; Liberia, $26,000,000.

Advances under the liberty loan included: Great Briatin, $4,166,318, 358; France, $2,950,762,938; Italy, $1,648,034.050; Belgium, $347,691,566; Russia, $187,729,750; Czecho-Slovakia, $61,256,206; Serbia, $26,175,139; Roumania, $23,205,819; Greece, $15,000,000; Cuba, $9,025,500.

Obligations received on account of sales of surplus war materials included France, $400,000,000; Poland, $59,636,320; Belgium, $27,588,581; Serbs, Croats and Slovenes, $24,978,020; Czecho-Slovakia, $20,621,994; Roumania, $12,922,675; Esthonia, $12,213,377; Lithuania, $4,159,491; Latavia, $2,521,869; Rufssia, $406,082.

Obligations held by the grain corporation included Poland, $24,353,590; Austria, $24,055,708; Armenia, $2,391,505; Czecho-Slovakia, $2,873,238; Hungary, $1,685,835.

Obligations received from the American relief administration included: Poland, $51,671,749; Finland, $8,281,926; Armenia, $8,028,412; Czecho-Slovakia, $6,428,089; Latavia, $2,610,417; Russia, $4,465,465; Esthonia, $1,785,767; and Lithuania, $822,136.



SHEARING THE LITTLE LAMB THAT MARY LOVED SO WELL

HARDING NAMES WOMAN COLLECTOR OF CUSTOMS

President Harding's first nomination of a woman to be collector of customs was sent to the senate when he named Jennie P. Musser to be collector for district No. 48, with headquarters at Salt Lake City, Utah.

LLOYD GEORGE DECLARES FOR NAVAL LET-UP

British Premier Would Avoid Competition in Armaments of Nations in the Pacific Ocean.

The British prime minister, in opening the imperial conference, referred to Anglo-Japanese relations in terms generally regarded in American circles in London as assurance to the United States that any renewal of the agreement with the Japanese government would necessarily be of a nature unobjectionable to America.

"There is no quarter of the world where we desire more greatly to maintain peace and fair play for all nations and avoid competition in armaments than the Pacific and far east," he said.

Discussing Anglo-Japanese relation as affecting the renewal of the agreement, the prime minister said Japan was "a faithful ally" in the war and Great Britain would not easily forget the valuable assistance rendered by Japanese men-of-war.

"We desire to preserve that well-tried friendship which has stood us both in good stead," he continued, "and to apply it to the solution of all questions in the far east, where Japan has special interests and where we ourselves, like the United States, desire equal opportunities and the open door."

Great Britain desired to avoid competition in armaments in the Pacific, the prime minister declared, and he emphasized the willingness of the government to discuss limitation of armaments with the United States. He pointed out at the same time that the life of the United Kingdom, as also of Australia and New Zealand, was built upon sea power—"the basis of the whole empire's existence."

Discussing the relations between Great Britain and the United States, the prime minister said:

"We are ready to discuss with American statesmen any proposal for the limitation of armaments which they wish to set forth, and we can undertake that no such overtures will find lack of willingness on our part to meet them."

LEGION HEADS CONFIDENT OF GETTING BONUS

American Legion Legislative Committee Sees Victory Despite Opposition of U. S. Chamber of Commerce.

Members of the national legislative committee of the American Legion are confident congress will enact a war bonus law in spite of the nationwide campaign which the Chamber of Commerce of the United States has announced it will start against that measure, reported favorably by the senate finance committee.

As proof of the popular sentiment behind the proposed bonus legislation, the American Legion officers point to the fact that 14 states have now through their legislatures authorized a cash bonus for their ex-service men, while five others have authorized submission of a cash bonus plan to a popular vote.

Many other states, they say, have passed beneficial legislation providing land settlements, free scholarships, and educational advantages for war veterans.

Many state legislatures have adopted resolutions calling upon congress to enact a federal bonus law.

Several states have established soldier settlement boards or commissions for co-operation with the federal government in settling ex-service men upon their lands.

The fact that the various states are doing so much for their war veterans is being used by some as an argument against a federal bonus or "adjusted compensation" measure.

Statement Issued.

"Every state in the union save six," says a statement prepared by the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, "has taken action on legislation beneficial to veterans. These benefits range from the establishment of soldier settlement boards to state loans for education purposes, free scholarships in state normal schools, colleges and universities; loans for reclaiming land and providing rural homes; aid in the purchase of farm machinery and live stock; aid in securing a business or trade apprenticeship, including tools; and loans amounting to as much as $10,000."

The principal objection of this great business body, however, is based on financial and economic grounds.

"The war," its statement says, "has laid a mortgage approximating $55,000,000 on every congressional district in the country, or an amount approximating $1,135 for every family in the United States."

This burden, coupled with the three million dollar deficit in government revenues, is declared to be such as demands the conservation of resources and the lessening instead of the increasing of taxation.

Other Plans Favored.

The chamber's statement says that while the organization opposes the cash bonus plan it favors other forms of aid, being particularly insistent upon the physical and mental rehabilitation of the wounded and disabled men.

The chamber has sent from its national headquarters in Washington a brief setting forth its position to President Harding and members of his cabinet, members of congress and members of the 1,400 trade and commercial organizations which are affiliated with it.

This brief asserts that the government has already authorized expenditures for soldier relief totaling about $1,500,000,000 and to this, it contends, should be added $900,000,000 war risk insurance liability as estimated by the war risk insurance bureau on a basis of liability on insurance in excess of premiums received.

SHORT ENDS OF WORLD NEWS

PRESIDENT HARDING took a hand in the legislative program last week in an effort to speed up enactment of tariff and tax legislation by calling Chairman Fordney of the house ways and means committee to discuss the possibilities of early passage of such laws.

Selling orders from a mysterious source last week forced the price of stocks on the New York stock exchange down to the lowest level since the peace break in 1917. The shrinkage in stock values mounted into billions of dollars. All classes of securities were hammered relentlessly.

Masses of early Arctic ice last August locked in a rigid grip the vessel Maude, on which Amundsen, discoverer of the South Pole, hoped to drift past the North Pole and a terrific storm swept the ship ashore and smashed her propeller, the explorer reported at Nome, Alaska, last week.

Additional beds numbering 1,500 at seven rehabilitation centers will be provided for former soldiers by a program of new construction and extension approved recently by Secretary of the Treasury Mellon.

More than 130 were killed in a coal mine disaster in Westphalia, Germany. The mine is owned by Hugo Stinnes.

Japan is to be notified of the purpose of Great Britain to renew the treaty of alliance between the two nations.

The American Federation of Labor convention went on record as favoring total exclusion of Japanese and other orientals from the United States. The "gentleman's agreement" with Japan was called a failure.

A great cholera plague which has already caused many deaths, is raging in Southeastern Russit. Huge swarms of flies and gnats are spreading the disease.

First annual convention of the Disabled American Veterans of the World war was opened in Detroit on June 27. A blind hero, Michael Aaronson, rabbi and student of the Hebrew Union college in Cincinnati, delivered the invocation at the first day's session.

The senate has accepted the proposal of the house conferees for reduction of the army to 150,000 enlisted men by Oct. 1, already approved by the house.

JAPAN has decided to yield ground to the United States, not only in the disputes over Yap Island, but in other questions involving Shantung peninsula and Manchuria, reports the Tokio correspondent of a Paris newspaper. He said that Japan knows she will get aid from neither France nor England in an encounter with the United States.

Two of the leading fliers of the army air service, Captain Howard T. Douglas and Lieutenant Marll J. Plumb, were drowned in Chesapeake bay last week after a collision of their planes in the course of a bombing raid directed at the hulk of the old battleship San Marcos off Tangier island.

Two miners, both foreigners, are dead and others were severely injured as the result of burns suffered during a terrific explosion of the Knickerbocker colliery of the Philadelphia & Reading Coal and Iron Co., at Shanandoah, Pa.

President Harding is understood to have chosen as ambassador to Japan a man whose name has not been mentioned in public discussion of possible appointees.

The nationwide strike of the affiliated marine unions called May 1 has been declared at an end. A vote showed the men in favor of returning to work without an agreement with the owners.

After curving along the Texas coast for more than 200 miles, from the mouth of the Rio Grande to Port Arthur, the gulf hurricane which raged for two days passed inland, leaving comparatively little damage in its path.

Premier Gounaris is to examine the recent communication of the British, French and Italian governments to Greece, asking her to postpone her offensive in Asia Minor and extending an offer of mediation with the Turkish nationalists.

John C. Koons, special assistant to Postmaster General Hays, and a widely known expert on postal matters, has tendered his resignation, effective July 1.

After having spent 40 days on a starvation diet in the Tcheka prison in Moscow, Captain Emmet Kilpatrick, member of the American Red Cross, who has been incarcerated in many Bolshevilk prisons since his capture, was ordered removed to a hospital, his condition being serious.

EAMONN DE VALERA, "president of the Irish republic," was arrested recently in Ireland, but was subsequently released. After spending the night at the barracks an officer told De Valera that he was free and at liberty to go where he wished without fear of molestation.

Max Hoelz, German communist, has been sentenced to penal servitude for life, with loss of civil rights.

George Livingstone, chief of the bureau of markets, has presented his resignation to Secretary of Agriculture Wallace, effective July 1, and will enter private business.

Mrs. Emma Richardson Burkett of Hillsdale, Ind., has filed a claim for $69,900 against the estate of the late Theodore Roosevelt, to collect a note which she says the former president endorsed.

Caveman methods were used by the kidnaper of a young girl in Chicago in view of hundreds of persons. No trace of the girl, who was slugged and shoved into a taxi, was found.

Civil ceremony uniting in marriage the Duke of Marlborough and Miss Gladys Deacon of Boston took place at the British consulate in Paris last week. The religious ceremony was performed the next day.

A naval bill carrying total appropriations of $417,000,000 and providing for a personnel of 106,000 men, has been agreed upon by the house and senate conferees.

Contentions advanced by the Dutch government in its latest note on the oil controversy, a summary of which has been received by the state department, are not acceptable to this government. Further protests will be made to The Hague against the discrimination against American investors in the Sumatra oil fields.

President Harding will not speak at any Fourth of July exercises this year but will pass the holiday quietly at the Summer home of Senator Frelinghuysen.

State department advices say the German government has announced its decision to release the remainder of sequestrated American properties.

Legislation designed to facilitate distribution of the country's coal supply is being considered in the senate.

Wholesale prices of meat were lower in New York last week than at any time since 1912. The finest western dressed steers sold at 16 cents a pound.

Swings at Golf Ball, Severs Snake's Head

Dr. Phil Boyd, while playing golf on the Country club course in Lancaster, Ohio, made a smash at a golf ball and was surprised to find he had severed the head of a blacksnake which was concealed in the grass. It had raised its head in time to receive the blow.

URGES WOOL CARRY-OVER BE GIVEN AWAY IN EAST

The Tasmanian wool growers have recommended that the British and Australian Wool Realization association consider the desirability of gratuitously presenting a large part of the association's carry-over, which tends to depress the market to the governments of certain Far Eastern nations, especially China, as a trade advertisement.

THE WRECKERS

y Francis Lynde

ht, 1920, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

ntinued From Last Week.

guess was right. In less than ute we saw the lights of the which was turning in a wide to come up beside the main rack so it would head back to ast. It stopped a little way be- he water tank and about a ed yards north of the track, aybe less; anyway, we could t quite well even when the were switched off and four came tumbling out of it. If I been alone on the job I should bly have called to the men as came tramping over to the rack. But Mr. Norcross had a ent think coming.

ut of sight—quick, Jimmie!" hispered, and in another sec- he had whipped the young n over the big footing timber standing place under the tank g the braces, and I had done ame for the girl.

at followed was as mysterious chapter out of an Anna Kath- Green detective story. After something to the switch of nused spur track, the four men rated. One of them went back he auto, and the other three ed down the main track to lower switch of the short which was on the same side e main line as the spur. Here fourth man rejoined them, and girl at my elbow told us what ad gone back to the car for.

e has lighted a red lantern," whispered. "I saw it when he it out of the auto."

guess it was pretty plain to all s by this time that there was thing decidedly crooked on the s, but if we had known what as, we couldn't very well have anything to prevent it. There only two of us men to their and, besides, there wasn't any The lantern-carrying man barely reached the lower ch when we heard the whistle locomotive. There was a train ing from the west, and a few nds later an electric headlight ed up on the long tangent be- the siding.

was a bandit hold-up, all We saw the four men at the ch stop the train, which ed to be a special, since it had the engine and one passenger One of the men stood on the k waving the red lantern; we d see him plainly in the glare he headlight. There wasn't much scrap. There were two or three ol shots, and then, as near as could make out, the hold-up or some of them, climbed into engine.

What they did next was as blind a Chinese puzzle. Before you ld count ten they had made a g switch with the single car, king it in on the siding. Before car had come fully to a stop, engine was switched in behind coupled on, and the reversed n, with the engine pushing the rattled away on the old spur led off into the hills; clattered y and was lost to sight and ring in less than a minute.

t was not until after the train switched and gone that we dis- ered that two of the bandits had n left behind. These two reset switches for the main track, ying everything as they had nd it, and then crossed over to auto. Pretty soon we saw match es, and two little red dots that eared told us that they were oking.

"What are they doing, Jimmie?" ed the boss, under his breath.

"They are waiting for the other o to come back," I ventured, ing a chance shot at it. Then I ed him if he knew where the spur track led to. He said he n't; that there used to be some uxite mines back in the hills, mewhere in this vicinity, but he derstood they had been worked and abandoned.

I was just thinking that all this stery and kidnaping and gun ay must be sort of hard on the ng woman and the girl, but ough my half of the allotment s shivering a little and snuggling just a grain closer to me, she oved that she hadn't lost her rve.

"Did you see the name on that r when the engine went past to behind it?" she asked, turning whispered question loose for ybody to answer.

"No," said the boss; and I hadn't her.

"I did," she asserted, showing at her eyes, or her wits, were icker than ours. "I had just one le glimpse of it. The name is -e-x-a,'" spelling it out.

Mr. Norcross started as if he had en shot.

"The Alexa? That is Mr. Chad- ick's private car—they've kid- ped him!" Then he whirled short me. "Jimmie, are you man ugh to go with me and try a tackle on those fellows over there in that auto?"

I said I was; but I didn't add what I thought—that it would probably be a case of double suicide for us two to go up against a pair of armed thugs with our bare hands. The boss would have done it in the hollow half of a minute; he's built just that way. But now the young woman put in her word.

"You mustn't think of doing such a thing!" she protested; and she was still telling him all the different reasons why he mustn't, when we heard the creak and grind of the stolen engine coming back down the old spur.

After that there was nothing to do but to wait and see what was going to happen next. What did happen was as blind as all the rest. The engine was stopped somewhere in the gulch back of us and out of sight from our hiding-place, and pretty soon the two men who had gone with her came hurrying across out of the hill shadows, making straight for the auto. A minute or two later they had climbed into the machine, the motor had sputtered, and the car was gone.

CHAPTER III.

Mr. Chadwick's Special.

Of course, as soon as the skip-out of the four hold-up men gave us a free hand we knew it was up to us to get busy and do something. It was a safe bet that the Alexa was carrying her owner, and in that case Mr. John Chadwick and his train crew were somewhere back in the hills, without an engine, and with a good prospect of staying "put" until somebody should go and hunt them up.

Mr. Norcross had our part in the play figured out before the retreating auto had covered its first mile.

"We've got to find out what they've done with Mr. Chadwick," he broke out. And then: "It can't be very far to where they have left the engine, and if they haven't crippled it—" He stopped short and slung a question at the two women: "Will you two stay here with Jimmie while I go and see what I can find in that gulch?"

They both paid me the compliment of saying that they'd stay with me, but the young woman suggested that it might be just as well if we should all go up the gulch together. So we piked out in the dark, the boss helping Mrs. Sheila to hobo along over the cross-ties of the spur, and the little girl stumbling on behind with me. She had got over her scare, if she had any, and when I asked her if she didn't want an arm to grab at, she laughed and said, No, and that it was grand; that she wouldn't miss a single stumble for worlds.

"In all my life I've never had anything half as exciting as this happen to me," was the way she put it, and she sure acted as if she meant to make the most of it.

We had followed the spur track up the gulch for maybe a short quarter of a mile when we came to the engine. There was nobody on it, and the brigands had been good-natured enough to leave the fire-door open so that the steam would run down gently and let the boiler cool off by degrees. Luckily for us, the boss was an expert on engines, just as he is on everything else belonging to a railroad, and he struck matches and looked our find over carefully before he tried to move it. As we had feared it might be, the big machine was crippled. There was a key gone out of one of the connecting-rod crank-pin straps; one miserable little piece of steel, maybe eight inches long and tapering one way, and half an inch or so thick the other; but that was a-plenty. We couldn't make a move without it.

I thought we were done for, but Mr. Norcross chased me up into the cab for a lantern. With the light we began to hunt around in the short grass, all four of us down on our hands and knees doing the needle-in-the-haystack stunt. I had been sensible enough to show the little girl the other connecting-rod key, so she knew exactly what to look for, and it did me a heap of good when it turned out that she was the one who found the lost bit of steel.

"I've got it—I've got it!" she cried; and sure enough she had. The hold-up people had merely taken it out and thrown it aside on the extremely probable chance that nobody would be foolish enough to look for it so near at hand, or, looking, would be able to find it in the dark.

It didn't take more than a minute or two, with a wrench from the engineer's box, to put the key back in place. Then, with one to boost and the other to pull, we got our two passengers up into the high cab, and Mr. Norcross made them as comfortable as he could on the fireman's box, showing them how to brace and hang on when the machine should begin to bounce over the rough track of the old spur.

While he was doing this, I threw a few shovelfuls of coal into the firebox and put the blower on; and when we were all set, the boss opened the throttle and we went carefully nosing ahead over the old track, feeling our way up the gulch and keeping a sharp lookout for the Alexa as we ground and squealed around the curves.

It must have been four or five miles back in the hills to the place where we found the private car, and a little way short of it we picked up Mr. Chadwick's conductor, walking the ties to try to get in touch with the civilized world once more. He looked a trifle suspicious when he found the engine in the hands of still another bunch of strangers, and two of them women; but as soon as he heard Mr. Norcross' name he quit being offish and got suddenly respectful. Young as he was for a toprounder, the boss had a "rep," and I guess there were not very many railroad men west of the Rockies who didn't know him, or of him.

The conductor told us where we'd find the car, and we found it just as he said we would: pushed in on an old mine-loading track at the end of the spur. The other members of the crew were off and waiting for us; and standing out on the back platform, in the full glare of the headlight as we nosed up for a coupling, there was a big, gray-haired man, bareheaded and dressed in rough-looking old clothes like a mining prospector.

The big man was "Uncle John" Chadwick, and if he was properly astonished at seeing us turn up with his lost engine, he didn't let it interfere with our welcome when we took our passengers around to the car and lifted them one at a time over the railing and climbed up after them. Mr. Chadwick seemed to know Mrs. Sheila; at any rate, he shook hands with her and called her by name. Then he grabbed for the boss and fairly shouted at him: "Well, well, Graham!—of all the lucky things this side of Mesopotamia! How the dev—how in thunder did you manage to turn up here?" And all that, you know.

The explanations, such as they were, came later, after the young lady, confessing herself a bit excited and fussed up, had taken her cousin under her arm and they had both gone to lie down in one of the staterooms. With the women out of the way, the boss and Mr. Chadwick sat together in the open compartment while the train crew was trundling us back to the main line. Mr. Norcross had put me in right by telling the wheat king who I was, so they didn't pay any attention to me.

As a matter of course, the talk jumped first to the mysterious hold-up and kidnaping and the reason why. All either of them could say didn't serve to throw any light on the mystery, not a single ray. There had been no violence—the pistol shots had been merely meant to scare the trainmen—and there had been no attempt at robbery; for that matter, Mr. Chadwick hadn't even seen the kidnapers, and hadn't known what was going on until after it was all over.

Mr. Norcross told what we had seen, and how we had come to be where we were able to see it, but that didn't help out much, either. From any point of view it seemed perfectly foolish, and the boss made mention of that. If we hadn't happened to be there to bring the engine back, the worst that could have befallen Mr. Chadwick and the crew of the special would have been a few hours' bother and delay. In the course of time the conductor would have walked out and got to a wire station somewhere, though it might have taken him all night, and then some, to get another engine.

Naturally, Mr. Chadwick was red-hot about it, on general principles. I guess he wasn't **used** to being kidnaped. But, after all, the thing that bothered him most was the fact that he couldn't account for it.

"I can't help thinking that it is connected with what is due to happen tomorrow morning, Graham," he said, at the end of things. "There are some certain scoundrels in Portal City at the present moment who wouldn't stop at anything to gain their ends, and I am wondering now if Dawes wasn't mixed up in it."

The boss laughed and said:

"You'll have to begin at the beginning with me: I'm too new in this region to know even the names. Who is Dawes?"

"Dawes is a mining man in Portal City, and before I'd been an hour in town yesterday he hunted me up and wanted me to go over to Strathcona to look at some gold prospects he's trying to finance. I said 'No' at first, because I was expecting you, and thought you'd reach Portal City this morning. When you didn't show up, I knew I had twelve hours more on my hands, and as Dawes was still hanging on, I had our trainmaster give me a special over to Strathcona, on a promise that I'd be brought back early this evening, ahead of the 'Flyer' from the west—the train you were on."

Mr. Norcross nodded. "And the promise wasn't kept."

"No promise is ever kept on the Pioneer Short Line," growled the big magnate. And then, with a beautiful disregard for the mixing figures of speech: "Once in a blue moon the chapter of accidents hits the bull's-eye whack in the middle, Graham. When Hardshaw wired me from Portland, I knew you couldn't reach Portal City before this morning, at the very earliest. That was going to cut my time pretty short, with the big gun due to be fired tomorrow morning, and you cut it still shorter by losing twelve hours somewhere along the road—they told me in the dispatcher's office that your train was behind a wreck somewhere up in Oregon. But it has turned out all right, in spite of everything. You're here, and we've got the night before us."

Again Mr. Norcross said something about beginning at the beginning. "Just remember that I am entirely in the dark," he went on. "I didn't see Hardshaw at all before leaving Portland; he merely forwarded your wire, asking me to stop over in Portal City, to me on the train—and it was handed to me just before dinner this evening. Of course, that was enough—from anybody who has been as good a friend to me as you have."

"We'll see presently just how far that friendship rope is going to reach," returned the wheat king, and though my back was turned to them, I could easily imagine the quizzical twinkle of the shrewd old eyes that went with it. Then I suppose he nodded toward me, for the boss said:

"Oh, Jimmie's all right; he knew what I had for dinner this evening, and he'll know what I'm going to have for breakfast tomorrow morning."

With the bridle off, the big man went ahead abruptly, cutting out all the frills.

"You finished your building contract on the Oregon Midland, Graham, and after the road was opened for business you refused an offer of the general managership. Would you mind telling me why you did that?"

"Not in the least. I'm rather burnt out on trying to operate American railroads; at any rate, when it comes to trying to operate one of them for a legitimate profit. There is nothing in it. An operating head is nothing more than a score-keeper for a national gambling game. The boss gamblers around the railroad post in the Stock Exchange tell him what he has to do and where he has got to get off. Stock gambling, under whatever name it masquerades — boosting values, buying and selling margins, reorganizations, with their huge rake-offs for the underwriters—is the incubus which is crushing the life out of the nation's industries, especially in the railroad field. It makes me wish I'd never seen a railroad track."

"Yet it is your trade, isn't it?" asked the wheat king.

"It is; but luckily I can build railroads as well as operate them; and there are other countries besides the United States of America. I'm on my way home to Illinois for a little visit with my mother and sisters; and after that I think I shall close with an offer I've had from one of the Canadian companies."

"Good boy!" chuckled the Chicago magnate. "In due time we might hope to be reading your name in the newspapers—'Sir Graham Norcross, D. S. O.,' or something of that sort." Then, with a sharp return to the sort of gritting seriousness: "You've been riding over the Pioneer Short Line since early this morning, Graham: what do you think of it?"

I couldn't see the boss' smile, but I could figure it pretty well when he said: "There may be worse managed, worse neglected pieces of railroad track in some of the great transcontinental lines, but if there are I haven't happened to notice them. I suppose it is capitalized to death, like many of the others."

"Ficticious values doubtless have something to do with it at the present stage of the game," Mr. Chadwick admitted. "The Pioneer Short Line is 'under suspicion' on the books of the commissions, both State and Interstate, as a heavily 'watered' corporation—which it is. Do you know the history of the road?"

When I got up to get a match, Mr. Norcross was shaking his head and saying: "Not categorically; no."

"Then I'll brief it for you," said the big man in the stuffed wicker chair. "It has always been a good earning property, being largely, yet, without much local competition. But from the day it was completed its securities have figured in the market only for their speculative values. The property itself has never been considered, save as a means to an end; the end being to enable one bunch of the Wall Street gamesters you speak of to make a 'killing' and unload on another bunch."

"The old story," said Mr. Norcross.

"We are bumping over the net result, right now," Mr. Chadwick went on. "The property is bled white; there is no money for betterments; we are tied hand and foot by all sorts of legal restrictions and regulations; and, worse than all, the people we are supposed to serve hate us until you can smell it and taste it in every town and hamlet on the right-of-way."

"So I have heard," put in the boss, calmly.

"That brings us down to the nib of the matter. Pioneer Short Line is practically in the last ditch. The stock has slumped to forty and worse; Shaffer, the general manager and the only able man we have had for years, has resigned in disgust; and if something isn't done tomorrow morning in Portal City, I know of at least one minority stockholder who is going to throw the whole mess into the courts and try for a receivership."

Mr. Norcross looked up quickly. "Are you the minority stockholder, Uncle John?" he asked, letting himself use the name by which Mr. Chadwick was best known in the wheat pit.

"I am—more's the pity. I had a little lapse of sanity one fine morning a few years ago and bought in for an investment. I've done everything I could think of, Graham, to persuade Breck Dunton and his Wall Street accomplices to spend just one dollar in ten of their reorganization and recapitalization stealings on the road itself, but it's no good. All they want is to get one more rise out of the securities, so they can unload."

"Is there to be a stockholders' meeting in Portal City tomorrow morning?"

"No; a directors' meeting. Dunton has been making an inspection trip over the system with a dozen or so of his New York cronies. It's a junketing excursion, pure and simple, but while they're here they'll get together and go through the form of picking out a new general manager. I'm on the board and they had to send me notice, though it's an even bet they hoped I'd stay away. In fact, I think they scheduled the meeting out here on the chance that the distance from Chicago would keep me from attending it."

All this talk had taken up a good bit of time, and just as Mr. Chadwick said that about the "even bet," our engineer was whistling for Portal City. From where I was sitting I could see the electric lights dotting the wide valley between the two gateway buttes from which the city gets its name. Mr. Norcross was looking at the lights, too, when he said:

"Are you really going to spring the receivership on the Dunton people tomorrow?"

"I'm going to give Dunton his chance. He can appoint the man I want appointed as general manager, with full power to act, and ratify a little plan I've got up my sleeve for providing a bit of working capital for the road, or—he can turn me down."

"And if he does turn you down?"

"Then, by George, I'll see if I can't persuade the courts to put the property into bankruptcy and install my man as receiver!"

To Be Continued.

About 6,000 varieties of fish have been found in the waters of the Gulf stream.

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No cigarette has the same delicious flavor as Lucky Strike. Because Lucky Strike is the toasted cigarette.
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PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

D. R. Locke's (Nasby's) Newspaper

TOLEDO BLADE CO., Publishers, Toledo, Ohio.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.
One year, postage prepaid.....75c

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Read the Advertising

We will not, knowingly, accept advertising from a dishonest concern. Our readers are our friends and an advertisement is an introduction of the advertiser into the homes of our friends.

We will not, knowingly, introduce a dishonest advertiser into your TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE and guarantee his honesty any more than you would knowingly introduce a dishonest person to your bank and guarantee his note.

When you answer an advertisement, refer to The Weekly Blade.

THURSDAY, JUNE 30, 1921.

Dead Man's Crossing lies just ahead of the nation that disarms while other nations carry guns.

Charles Evans Hughes surely is a credit to whiskers.

There is this to be said of the Star Spangled Banner: It is easier to wave it than to sing it.

Lima Beane says the mosquito also wants us to give until it hurts.

Democrats in the United States senate have taken up the pastime of talking like a campaign pamphlet.

Americans used to get sweet-sounding phrases on the subject of open diplomacy, but the phrases didn't mean anything. Now Americans are getting genuine open diplomacy.

Finances are so tight that even the tradition of the fool and his money is not being sustained.

Winnecke's comet is coming within ten million miles of the earth. But there is going to be no collision. If man were running the solar system there might be some danger of a wreck.

In settling the Irish question the first thousand years are the worst.

Nobody knows positively why Mr. Palmer ruled that beer is a medicine. It may have been either the bitter in the beer or the bitterness of political defeat.

A thief who is not on the square with a fellow thief would make a poor citizen even if he were not a thief.

Profiteers are absolutely of no use to a country. Even their bristles are not fit for making hair brushes.

This is no time for the Philippines to seek independence. It is too difficult to borrow money.

Well, jazz is going. But something else soon will come along and seek recognition as a musical dissipation.

Nature sometimes tells Art where to get off. Dimples cannot be purchased at the corner drugstore.

At one period of this country's history it seemed that the work of turning a grindstone must necessarily come into every boy's life. Then along came invention and let him go fishing.

We are unable to trace the origin of the observation, "it takes all kinds of people to make a world," but Adam probably said it right after the fall.

An egotist is a person who won't give you a chance to talk about yourself.

Germans paying an indemnity are not the only people out of luck. We're digging deep for taxes in this country because Germany had a brainstorm.

A wish is a prayer. But not all wishes are accompanied by humility of spirit.

Nobody knows for sure that Bolshevism is dead, because it always did smell.

Babies don't like to be kissed. Many of them submit to the ordeal for the reason that submission is easier than squirming out of it.

Perhaps the mildest form of criticism is the remark that it takes all kinds of people to make a world.

Man would want but little here below if his neighbor didn't have more.

Some men have the misfortune to get turned around early in life. As a result, instead of leaving footprints on the sands of time, they leave fingerprints in police court.

Necessity knows no law and the anti-Volsteader thinks he is Necessity's brother.

Mexico isn't accustomed to the dotted line. She will have to be led up to it by gentle, persuasive methods, like teaching a calf to drink milk out of a bucket.

The Farmers' Case

When and where economic conditions in this country are bad for the farmers there is political agitation, a great deal of it visionary and ill-considered, most of it futile. When such conditions are favorable to the agriculturists the political agitation of the times is usually mild, untainted of ill temper or distinguished for crass impracticability.

Why most of the agrarian movements have been unreasonable or absurd it would be hard to say. The level of intelligence in farming communities is higher than in urban areas. It may be that when farmers are in trouble they are not certain as to the cause of it. Desperation may tend to make them seize upon nostrums because, at the moment, these remedies are the only ones available. We do not pretend to know. But it is true that most political movements with an agricultural grievance behind them fail, not because of the character of the support, but because of the character of the cures.

The Greenback movement received the breath of life from the countryside. The Farmers' Alliance activities were for the farmers pure and simple. The Anti-Monopoly party, a curious creation of the northwest, was floated to make things all right for the farmer. The Free Silver crusade looked to the farm people for enthusiasm and propping. Populism was of agrarian origin. It was on account of unhappiness on the farms that Jerry Simpson could capitalize the want of socks and Mary Elizabeth Lease was able to make profit from a weird stringing together of meaningless phrases. The Non-Partisan League derives its power from the fact that the farmers of one section have been alternately cursed with oppressions, crop failures and the losses which so frequently go with dependence upon a single crop.

The farmers as a class were never in worse state than they are now. The slump in prices fell more heavily upon them than upon any others. At the same time that many of their products are virtually marketless, costing more to raise than can be brought for them, the prices of the necessities they must buy remain high or drop extremely slowly. Taxes, high labor, the possibility of a widespread drought, burden their present and darken their future.

Even if sympathy for the farmers is wanting, common sense ought to dictate the fullest measure of activities and concessions in the interest of agriculture. For the political agitation which issues from the soil is highly injurious to the welfare of the nation. It is productive of class warfare. It lends lung power to professional disturbers. Though all the notable agrarian political movements have weakened and perished they have all cost the country tremendously.

Referendums and War

No war, of course, can be fought if the mass of the people of a nation refuse to fight it. There is no certainty, however, that the people of a nation, if the proposition of war-making were put up to them, would refuse to fight. Delegates to the American Federation of Labor, in asserting this to be true, have assumed far too much.

At a time like this when we are paying the price of an adventure in war the inclination is to believe that no war can possibly be popular. It is a foolish thought. The Socialist party in Germany made a practice for years of grumbling against armaments, against conscription, against the drum-beating and bugle-blowing and sabre-rattling business of militarism. A condemnation of the governmental outlay on guns and forts and ships was a conventional action of every party meeting. Yet when the kaiser calmly proceeded upon a war of inexcusable aggression the German Socialists, no less than other Germans, answered promptly and enthusiastically to the call for the reserves.

There was no hanging back in France in spite of long years of radical opposition to war. The Russians responded as quickly as their indifferent and cumbersome military machinery permitted. Britain was the most pacifist of the original combatants. But if the populace voiced anything at the beginning of the war in opposition to the government it was in criticism of the government's delay in getting into the fight.

The English labor unions are talking about quitting all work, refusing to do military service, refusing to listen to statesmen, in case of another conflict. Samuel Gompers, at Denver, pitched into the German labor societies for failing to do what they might have done to prevent the World war. He damned their inaction as "faithlessness to a common cause."

A referendum upon war might be useful in that it would put the responsibility for a resort to arms upon the people who must do the suffering and discharge the bills. But it would not halt the making of war. The masses have the same psychology as their masters or leaders.

The Meat of It

Huge business interests of the United States, investors in four South American republics, may be affected by a proposal originating in the city of Montevideo to the effect that the governments of Uruguay, Argentina, Brazil and Paraguay take over the packing plants.

In every principal port of these countries travelers see modern, sanitary and costly frigorificos, as the Spanish-speaking people call the packing houses. Armour, Swift, Morris, Wilson, Cudahy—all are represented in the ownership and development of these establishments. Uncounted thousands of beef animals, sheep and hogs, owned by, or produced for, these investors are herded upon the lush grasses of the pampas. The feed is cheap, the labor much less costly than in the United States. The packers of this country were quick to see and seize upon these advantages. They are far and away the leaders over all other investors in this great South American industry. Their engineers, chemists and business managers have perfected it to a marvelous degree. The frozen meats sent to Europe and other countries in ship loads along with leather and fleeces go far toward feeding, clothing and shoeing the world.

It is roughly estimated, dispatches from Montevideo say, that the South American investments of the packers which the governments and the native cattle men now propose to take over and pay for by making local and foreign loans, total one hundred million dollars.

Since the ancient excuse of "manana' and "it can't be done" have been scrapped by bold and resourceful North Americans who are turning out better and cheaper products, no doubt at substantial profit, there is little question that one hundred million dollars or whatever the price may be, can be raised. European governments and investors doubtless will encourage the plan if, indeed, they are not the secret plotters promoting it.

There is much more involved than the direct profits of the packing business which come to the United States, for under present control citizens of this country hold the lucrative positions in these industries and the owners buy their expensive machinery, equipment and supplies of manufacturers in the United States. The profits, the good jobs and this incidental trade are sought by covetous governments and combinations that planned nothing, dared nothing, developed little or nothing themselves.

Of course the present owners might refuse to sell, but then, again, they might not refuse, having in mind a number of things that unfriendly government officials have done and can do to foreign investors.

Faith and Substance

In one of his letters Paul bears particularly upon the subject of faith. Faith, he says, is the "substance of things hoped for." Translators declare that the passage might well read, "Faith is giving substance to things hoped for."

This is a significant change and one which has a great deal to do with the possibilities of faith in everyday life.

To give substance to things hoped for means to make things in the fashion in which you would have them, or try to do so. If you have faith in your ability to be somebody worth while you must begin to act as though you were somebody worth while. You must begin to give substance. If you have faith that your community is going to be a leader among communities and accomplish that which is important you must begin to give substance.

William James used to say to his classes: "Turn your emotions, your good impulses into action, if it is no more than to give up your seat on a street car or to speak gently to your grandmother." He believed in giving substance to the things hoped for.

That faith which is mere unsupported belief, is insufficient. Our fathers at Lexington had something far more than mere belief in revolution or mere belief in the possibility of an independent nation. They gave substance to their faith by coming out on the village common and laying down their lives for the principle to which they were committed.

The Christian religion teaches that Jesus did not think it sufficient to inspire belief of faith by words alone. He gave substance to his gospel through his death at Calvary. It is not enough to have belief alone. We are called upon to give body to that belief, to reinforce faith with behavior.

The difference between bending the knee and baring the knee is the difference between humility and audacity.

CHINESE CUSTOMS

BY WALT MASON.

IN China, great and happy land, the doctor's only in demand when folks are feeling fine; he's paid to keep his patients hale; if they fall sick he draws no kale, and must take in his sign. And so we see him on the jump, to cure the measle or the mump, or other fell disease; it doesn't pay to have men sick, so he prescribes his powdered brick, his pills and healing teas. And if the patient cashes in; they camp upon the doctor's trail, and ride that learned man on a rail, and set his house afire. And in our land, where culture reigns, when we fall sick, with pea green pains, we call the nearest doc; when we are well we care no whoop for all the potions in his coop, for all the pills in stock. The doctor knows we have a wad, a bundle opulent and broad, he knows we'll pay his bills; and he would more than human be if he were not inclined to see how long we'll take his pills. We put temptation in his way; why should he heal us in a day, or even in a year? Why should he show his smoothest curve, and toil and strain his every nerve to put our works in gear? The Chinese plan is much the best, in fact, the peoples of the West might learn much from Cathay; her methods often are so sane they make our finest schemes look vain, like pipe dreams gone astray.

The George Matthew Adams Service.

ABE MARTIN

EMPORIUM
HOPS
GRAND PATRIOTIC MEETING AT MELODEON HALL TONIGHT
ONE COUNTRY, ONE TONGUE, ONE FLAG & TWO PARTIES
SPEECHES BY DEMOCRATS & REPUBLICANS
COME!!!

Some folks are so stuck up that they refuse t' bow t' th' inevitable.

What we'd consider a piece o' real downright sensational news would be "Indianian refused gover'ment job."

VARIETIES

Chicago is to have a Chinese cafeteria.

Baboons sometimes throw stones at their enemies.

Letters carried by air mail are put in asbestos bags.

Snow, either falling or fallen, is a great obstructor of sound.

A five-reel motion picture is approximately 5,000 feet long.

More than three-fourths of Switzerland's taxes are direct.

Twelve per cent of the world's population is Mohammedan.

Traces of blood 6,000 years old have been found in mummies.

The president of the French republic has an official airplane.

King George's life insurance policies total something like $10,000,000.

Twenty per cent of the entire area of Madagascar is covered with forest.

In Brittany, widows' caps among the peasantry are always yellow in color.

Dew will not stay on rose leaves because these have an essential oil in them.

Some of the copper coins used by the ancients were as large as dinner plates.

The longest mile is Sweden's—11,690 yards; the shortest, China's—705 yards.

Charles E. Hughes, secretary of state, entered Colgate university at the age of 14.

The English police force is practically the only one in the world that is not armed.

Twenty-five boys of less than 16 years old served as soldiers in the Revolutionary war.

All the leading colleges of pharmacy in England have women on their teaching staffs.

There are more than 82,000 Girl Scouts in 47 states and 1,184 cities of the United States.

Of the $32,000,000 expended for a first-class battleship, $21,000,000 is for the machinery.

The fox-tailed monkey of South America utters loud cries before sunrise and after sunset.

One British military cemetery in France, just outside Boulogne, contains nearly 12,000 graves.

In 1919, the bureau of labor statistics reports, there were 3,374 strikes in the United States.

The various types of May fly only live a short time, from a few hours to a day or so, at the most.

About 70 periodicals printed in Esperanto, the so-called universal language, are now published.

When a seventh son is born in Argentina, the president of the republic becomes its godfather.

Pineapples sometimes weigh as much as 17 pounds, although the average weight is six pounds.

Two hundred thousand karats in raw diamonds came out of the Berglan Congo fields in 1919.

Congress in 1891 made an appropriation for experimenting with rain-making machines in Texas.

The youthful ambition of Fatty Arbuckle, the heavyweight film favorite, was to become a jockey.

The St. Lawrence river discharges almost twice as much water into the ocean as does the Mississippi.

Near Bingeni, in Germany, is a famous echo which will toss a sound to and fro no less than 70 times.

Owing to the shortage of small change in Paris, half the beggars have disappeared from the streets.

Of every 1,000,000 students who go through college, 5,768 become distinguished in some walk of life.

Coal beds which have been found near the south pole show that at one time the climate there was mild.

William Pheysey, the official wine taster for the British government, receives a salary of $7,500 a year.

Elephants are afraid of mice, and they also have a strong dislike for pigs or even the smell of them.

The governor of the federal district in which the capital city of Mexico is situated, is a union shoemaker.

Advertisements of a kind approaching our modern ideas were in vogue in ancient Rome, Greece and Egypt.

The Chinese have an idea that if they are buried in foreign lands their souls will wander among strangers.

There are more than 30 different native races in the Philippine islands and each race has a different dialect.

There is no real evidence that Robin Hood was anything other than the creation of the popular imagination.

The smallest number of teeth provided by nature falls to the lot of that great creature, the narwhal, which has only two.

MAKING PROSPERITY PERMANENT

BY ROGER W. BABSON

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Fundamentally this country is sound

Temporarily, its business is ill.

It is a good thing when we are sick to become well again, but it is a better thing to seek a way to stamp out our malady for all time to come.

There was a time when men and women looked upon smallpox as a scourge from God, terrible but unavoidable. This was before we learned how to combat it. Today smallpox is no longer a plague.

There was a time when whole communities were shattered, and—in an economic sense—were all but annihilated by terrible crop failures. The farmers still have their troubles. Crop failures are still reported. But a modern crop failure is mild indeed compared with the devastating ruin that befell farmers in previous decades. Crop failures are no longer a plague.

Business, I believe, is ill with a preventable malady Business depressions are a plague that could be stamped out if we but knew what to do.

Can we eliminate this disastrous succession of reckless ups and sickening down? I believe so.

Can we make prosperity permanent? I believe so.

In fact I know that this present period of depression is less serious than it would have been had we not done certain definite things to forestall the trouble. We have made a small start. The big question is how to finish the job.

Balance Sheet Conditions.

Before we try to work out a solution, I would like to make a few important entries on the balance sheet of business conditions, showing how, year after year, with scarcely a single set-back, we have grown stronger and richer and fundamentally more prosperous; and then contrast with this steady upward climb the uneven path we have actually traveled—the rushing violently upward, the staggerings far, too far, downward.

Only once during the past seventeen years has the fundamental growth of the United States been even temporarily retarded. Steadily, year after year, our nation has increased in population, wealth and business activity, excepting only during the one year following the serious panic of 1907.

Better Banking System

In spite of temporary ups and downs, we may expect that the fundamental strength of the United States will keep on increasing regularly. There are numerous reasons to support this belief.

For the first time in the history of the United States we have a flexible banking system properly functioning in a period of depression. Everyone knows that our old National Bank act was a product of the Civil war. It was passed wholly as a war measure back in 1864-65. It failed to accomplish many of the things anticipated of it. However, it did gives us a basis for banking for half a century. Defects of the National Bank act were pointed out repeatedly. The chief defect of the act was the rigidity of the currency. When money was needed it was scarce and when there was no demand for money it was abundant.

It was pointed out repeatedly that the defects in the bank act would eventually lead us into a financial panic. These defects were the topics taught in our economic and financial text books. It was not until the panic of 1907, however, that anything of a constructive nature was done.

Shortly after the panic of 1907, a Monetary commission was appointed, which made an exhaustive study of the financial conditions, not only of the United States, but of the leading European countries. The result of this investigation led, after a series of changes, to the Federal Reserve act, giving us the Federal Reserve banks. While these Federal Reserve banks with the Federal Reserve board have been functioning only a few years, they have been of distinct service. They have given us a flexible currency and have appreciably minimized the evil effects of abnormal periods. Had it not been for the operation of the Federal Reserve banks, we should have experienced before this a more drastice panic than has yet occurred. The banking situation in the United States long since has passed the crisis period and now is fundamentally sound.

Standardization.

The war taught some very valuable lessons. Among these are standardization and the elimination of seasonal fluctuations in business. Standardization increased greatly during the war. The number of designs were decreased and the product increased. Standardization is the limiting of the field of activity not only of enterprises, but also of men. It is the confining of human activity to a specialized field. Its underlying principle is the division of labor. By standardization is meant the reduction of any one line to fixed types and sizes. A standard is simply a carefully thought-out method of performing a function. The standard method of doing anything is simply the best method that can be devised at the time the standard is drawn. The object of standardization is to get one way of making the product. By standardization during the war, plants were able to effect economy in patterns, to shorten the time of production, minimize preliminary work, and decrease the cost of production.

Along with this increase in standardization has come the elimination of many seasonal business fluctuations. The ice man has gone into the coal business and the coal man has gone into the ice business. New England manufacturers who formerly sent out their salesmen only twice a year are now sending them out quarterly. Those who sent them out quarterly are now sending them out monthly. They are also sending their men into the district where the demand exists rather than where the parlor car routes run and the best hotels operate. Standardization and elimination of seasonal fluctuations have done much to decrease the costs of production and to stabilize business.

National Advertising.

In the past few years a new profession has come into existence. This profession is national advertising. The advertising man who fully appreciates his position realizes that he is a professional man just the same as the doctor or the lawyer. Those advertising men who instruct their clients in proper advertising, rather than take instructions from their clients, can exert and are exerting a great influence on the proper production and distribution of goods.

It was only 10 or 15 years ago that men advertised when they had money, not when they needed business. Today advertising is being used to create demand when demand is needed. When used in this fashion, national advertising has great possibilities in the steadying of business conditions and in the elimination of these dangerous rises and falls of business activity that are now so evident.

Reserve Buying Power.

Not long ago an investigation was made which indicated that of the Liberty bond issues approximately 80 per cent purchased by the middle class is still in their hands. Large corporations have in many instances been forced to sell their Liberty bonds, but the great mass of people still have the greater portion of their original purchases. So long as this continues the middle class people will possess a great reserve buying power. Sooner or later, as demands press themselves, this buying power will exert itself. Savings are also very evident in other channels. A period of depression cannot last long, when there is a large latent buying power.

As we have already seen, crop failures are becoming a thing of the past. A few years ago, when the Washington crop reports were released, the telephone and telegraph wires in our Wellesley Hills office were kept busy by those seeking the first word on the crop outlook. Now no one seems to give the crops any particular concern. We have had our concepts of value and business conditions so distorted in the last few years of abnormality that we are losing sight of a great many of our fundamental barometers. We are producing more than ever before and this is greatly to the nation's benefit. Excepting for the fraction of our crop which is exported, it makes little difference to the country as to the price of wheat—whether it is one dollar per bushel or three dollars per bushel. The number of bushels is the important thing. As the bushels increase the nation's wealth increases, and therefore we get stronger fundamentally.

Prohibition.

Another optimistic factor in our present business situation is national prohibition. Before the Prohibition Act was passed $3,000,000,000 were spent annually for drink. Now this $3,000,000,000 that was formerly spent for drink, goes to the buying of merchandise, the building of homes, the furnishing of homes, and the starting of savings accounts. No matter what interpretation may be put on the law or what new legislation may be enacted, of this we are quite certain—the same $3,000,000,000 which formerly went to drink will hereafter be used for stimulating the regular channels of business. It will be used to buy merchandise, start savings accounts and do those things which tend to make people happy and prosperous.

Not only have we great factory capacity and great farm production, but we have the greatest merchant marine in our history. Where before the war we were hauling only seven per cent of our foreign trade in American bottoms, we now, with double the foreign trade, are carrying about 50 per cent in ships bearing the Stars and Stripes. As a successful merchant needs delivery wagons, so a successful nation needs a good merchant marine. Thanks to the war the United States has such today.

A Creditor Nation.

Finally, we are today citizens of the richest country in the world. Where formerly we were a country owing the other nations of the world, we are today a creditor country, with the rest of the world owing us. For this and other reasons, this country, fundamentally, is all right. Even at the present time fundamental conditions are slowly but constantly getting better.

And yet, what about temporary conditions? While the country has been continually growing richer, we have been having these ups and downs in business: the depression in 1903 and 1904; the panic of 1907; pression following in 1913-16; the the prosperity of 1910-12; the debetter times in 1917-20, reaching a zenith early in 1920, when business was at the highest point, considering all sections and all lines.

Now catch the point that I am trying to make, namely, fundamentally, conditions are absolutely sound, and yet even over any long period of years, we have first a period of prosperity, then depression, then prosperity, then depression, and so on. Stock prices, commodity prices, wages and everything go up and down. Within a few years cotton ranged in price from 43 cents to 10 cents a pound; wool, the average grades, ranged from $1 per pound to 30 cents per pound; silk from $16 per pound to $6 per pound; copper from 40 cents to 12 cents; wheat from $3 per bushel to $1; while corn within a few months fell from $2 to 60 cents.

Recently I went to Gloucester to visit my father. When I left there, my father drove me to the railroad station. As we passed a certain little store, he mentioned the fact that there used to be a sign on this store saying: "One pound of pork and a quart of beans—10c". I said: "Let's see what we can buy that for now," and we stopped the nag and went in. The proprietor said: "Well, the price of that pound of pork and that quart of beans went up during the past 20 years from 10 cents to 55 cents, reaching the highest point in the spring of 1920. Since then there has been a steady decline and the price is now back to about 30 cents."

If prosperity is to be made permanent, the extreme fluctuations above and below the line of normal growth must be eliminated. In succeeding articles we will consider how this is to be accomplished.

(Next week's article is even more encouraging. Mr. Babson will relate the unusual story of an investigation of the 70 leading business men of America, which he made personally. The way these men have "made" prosperity is one of the most important lessons ever written.)

JUST FOLKS

BY EDGAR A. GUEST

A Place

Young man, eager to rise in the world,
Hark to the tale I tell:
Never put hand to the least command
Unless you will do it well.

You must strive for speed, but speed is vain
If poorly the work be done,
And the time you take for a good job's sake
Is time well spent, my son.

I have known the world and the ways of men
And the things I tell are true:
You must build your fame on an honest name
And the work that you can do.

Whatever you promise you must perform,
Never utter a pledge absurd;
By the faith you keep you shall sow and reap,
You must stand to your given word.

The signs of the road are posted clear
But the wrong way's thick with doubt,
And day or night, if you keep to the right
You never need face about.

If you gladly toil and you give your best
To the tasks you find to do,
If your record's clear, you need have no fear—
The world has a place for you.

(Copyright, 1921, by Edgar A. Guest.)

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children
In Use For Over 30 Years
Always bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

NEWS FROM CAPITAL

What Congress Is Doing

SECRETARY of the Navy Denby issued a public reprimand to Rear Admiral Sims for that portion of his recent speech in London, reflecting upon the activities of Sinn Fein sympathizers in America and on legislative and other public bodies which have adopted resolutions attacking England and expressing sympathy with the Irish republican cause.

Senator McCumber after a conference with the President, told the senate that if the soldiers' bonus bill is passed, it will have to go through congress without administration aid.

Congress manifested symptoms of revolt against the administration request for broad authority to refund the foreign loan debt.

Administration to continue Daniels' policy of navy division into an Atlantic and a Pacific fleet. Pacific fleet will be composed chiefly of newest oil-burning ships; the Atlantic of older coal-burning vessels.

Drastic government will be demanded next winter unless the coal industry is now stabilized, Senator Frelinghuysen said in opening debate on the bill providing for seasonal freight rates on coal.

Charging British in Ireland with "cruelties and inhuman punishments," Senator Norris, Nebraska, supports his resolution expressing senate sympathy with the efforts of Irish people.

Representative Madden of Illinois told the house that obnoxious taxes can be repealed "without substituting anything but economy."

The national defense program of the administration went down to defeat, the senate accepting unwillingly the drastic cuts made in the name of economy by the house in the army and navy strength.

Representative Young, North Dakota, Republican, house ways and means committee member, issues statement that modification in proposed finished lumber duty is not satisfactory.

President will appoint a board to settle claims against the shipping board.

A general shakeup in the shipping board personnel is expected in the near future, according to reports. It is said that some of the higher salaried officials, including W. R. Bolling, brother-in-law of former President Wilson, are slated to go.

The Maryland, latest and greatest of the super-dreadnaughts, and the first to mount 16 inch guns, steamed out of Newport News for the builders' test.

The house conferees on the naval appropriation bill agreed to accept the Borah amendment providing for international curtailment of naval expansion. The senate conferees agreed to the elimination of nearly all of the $98,000,000 increase in the appropriations by the senate.

Internal Revenue Commissioner Blair announces a drive in July to round up delinquent income and excise tax payers. Special attention will be paid to soda fountains and drug dealers alleged to be careless in turning over excise taxes.

Great Britain has not consulted the United States in regard to the renewal of the Anglo-Japanese alliance, and has not been expected to do so, Secretary of State Hughes said.

Charles Lathrop Pack of the American Forestry association, after a talk with President Harding, announced that a national conference on forestry would be called to be held in Washington in September.

WAIT A MINUTE

BY HOWARD P. WARWICK

Uncle Henry says: "I never go fishing any more, preferring to take my afternoon naps in bed at home."

Life's Discomforts.

Learning to drive a car in full view of all the neighbors.

About the only person who thinks much of a wise guy is the wise guy himself.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

To Make Dishwashing Easy—Every evening after supper remove dishes to sink; grab your husband by his Adam's apple; shove his hands into dishwater, together with dishes and cake of soap and stand over him with rolling pin in right hand. After they are washed ask him sweetly to wipe them. He'll be so astonished he can't help but do it.

To Make Steak Tender—If steak cannot be cut with sharp butcher knife it is tough. Take it outdoors and place it on a railroad track if one is handy. Let long freight train pass over it, cook and serve.

Some girls bob their hair so they will have more time to spend fussing with their eyebrows.

UNCLE HENRY'S EPISTLES.

Letter to Frank, his nephew, who wants to know why everybody is talking about July 2 when the Fourth comes July 4.

Dear Frank:

About the only thing I know about July 2, outside of the fact that it is one of the great American paydays as well as the day following July 1, is that a Frenchman named Georges Carpentier is going to meet Jack Dempsey, well-known American shipyard worker, in the squared ring (this ring is not a regular ring because it isn't a circle) for a large share of the money in circulation in this country and the heavyweight boxing championship of the world. The U. S. mint is now working its forces overtime to coin enough of the legal tender of the realm to pay off these two knights of the padded fist who make more in a minute than a bank robber does in an hour.

Monsieur Carpentier lives in France, Europe, and was a chauffeur and airplane motorman during the war, while Mr. Dempsey is said to have helped make the world safe for democracy by pounding rivets or something in a shipyard. I don't remember whether Jack worked on one of those ornamental wooden ships that now ride at anchor on mudflats or whether the vessels he helped manufacture were able to ride the waves.

I can't tell you who will win, Frank, so you'll have to lose your own money if you want to bet. I refuse to lose it for you. Sentimentally, I'm for Carpentier because I was told during the war to love the French, but my expert opinion is that Dempsey will win. Of course experts are often fooled. Let's hope so.

My own idea of a world's championship pugilistic battle is that it is an excuse for brutal male beings with lots of dough to get away from their home environment for a day or two and glory in viewing the creation of bloody noses, cauliflower ears and dark eyes. You and I, Frank, cannot afford to spend money so promiscuously, so July 2 won't mean any more than June 2 in our lives.

A lot of crazy people will advance upon Tex Rickard's arena on the fatal day at the zero hour in mass formation, like Germany's so-called army used to do when the crown prince was urging it forward from a safe dugout in the rear. A group of second, 42nd and other cut-rate pugilists will endeavor to entertain the vast assemblage until the main attractions deign to appear. Also a few decrepit hasbeens of the ring will climb up on the platform and bashfully bow to the perspiring multitude as a deep-voiced announcer introduces them.

About the time the wooden seats begin to feel as if they were made of ebony, the hardest wood in existence, (ask Mr. Edison), Monsieur Carpentier will appear in a bathrobe or masculine kimono. After another impressive lapse of minutes Mr. Dempsey, the champion, will amble in. Each will be introduced so the fight fans can yell at them without running the risk of talking to perfect strangers. After a lot of other foldere! the fight will begin.

I can't tell you who will win. If I knew then the day after the fight I'd be able to hire a chauffeur and motor around in a twin six instead of a pair of twins and no extra tire. The affair will be featured by the presence of two well-known hypnotists, M. Descamps, Carp's manager, and Tex Rickard, promoter. 'Tis said that the hypnotic eye of Descamps knocks out more of Carp's opponents than the latter's fists, while Rickard has achieved the reputation of being able to hypnotize pocketbooks into emptying their contents in his coffers.

Before I close, Frank, I'll confess that I did bet a dollar on Dempsey because every time I pronounce Carpentier's name correctly and in the approved Parisian fashion some ignoramus hands me the horse laugh. Besides, I've never met two people who pronounce it the same so I'm as near right as anybody. But I'd consider the dollar well lost if the Frenchman would win.

Pugilistically Yours,
Uncle Henry.

COMRADES OF PERIL

By Randall Parrish

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Continued From Last Week

"Well I ain't so sure you're goin' ter git off so scott free," returned Laud slowly. "There's something happened here while you was away I don't just like the looks of. There's a fellow been in here hunting you; an' I reckon he must be here yet—leastways I don't know how the cuss could have got out."

"A man huntin' me? You're dreamin'."

"No I ain't. The fellow joined my outfit up on the mesa yesterday—sorter big fellow with light hair, an' a smooth face. He put up quite a spiel, and claimed his name was Churchill. I didn't mor'n half believe him, but not knowin' what was up, I let the cuss drift in along with us. I thought if he was all right it wouldn't do no harm; while if he was a liar, we'd soon find it out, an' could attend to the case. I aimed to see you as soon as we got in; but hell, you had skipped, while Hanley, who might have knowed something, was up at the cove. I sent Juan after him, for by that time I was sure the guy was a damn spy. The hoss he was ridin' had the same brand of them cattle I drove in."

"The same brand? what brand?"

"The Three Stars; they come from Shelby's ranch up on the Cottonwood."

"Hell! A big fellow, you said with light hair, and smooth face?"

"That's him; grayish blue eyes, an' rides like a cavalryman. I never saw the galoot before, but I wan't goin' to take no chances, so I got his gun, and locked him up."

"Where?"

"In that cell room in Villemonte's cabin."

"And he's there yet?"

"No, he ain't; that's the trouble. Somehow he got hold of a knife; must have had it hid on him, I reckon. Enyhow he cut them bars at the window, an' wiggled through. Damned if I see how he ever did it, a big guy like him; but when mornin' come, he was sure gone."

"And he hasn't been caught?"

"Ain't seen hide ner hair o' him. I took the trail soon as it was daylight, but he must have stuck to the rocks an' water. I got a few tracks at first, but that was all. Some guy helped him outside—there was prints of two kinds of boots plain enough under the window; but after that they might just as well have gone up in the air."

"Two o' 'em. The other couldn't have been Hanley, or Slagin, could it?"

"How the hell do I know. I never caught sight o' nothin' but the print of that boot. I scouted up the creek; then that first bunch o' Indians come trailin' in, an' I had no time to think about anything since, only gettin' my cattle out o' here."

"But you'll go with us now?"

"For a ways anyhow; I reckon there ain't nothin' else to do; them soldiers is bound to get here."

"And the sooner we're off the better. I'd like to know who that guy is, but there ain't no time now to stay and hunt him. You ready?"

He wheeled and confronted the shrinking, frightened girl, who made no reply.

"Well, by God! you'd better be. Get the horses, Joe; I'll fetch her along, all right."

Shelby straightened up. In spite of the odds, he must act now, or never. Yet, before he could take a step forward, a single shot rang out sharply. He saw Macklin fling up his arms, and reel backward, his body striking the half-open door, before it crashed to the floor, and lay motionless.

CHAPTER XXII.

The First Shots.

The impact of Macklin's body had flung the door wide open, leaving Shelby fully exposed to view. For an instant, however, the startled and bewildered Laud failed to note his revealment against the darkness of that interior. He had leaped back instantly to the protection of the wall, and, gun in hand, crouched there with eyes fixed on the broken window opposite. Shelby was swift to take advantage of his surprise. Wherever the shot had come from, whoever had fired it, his concealment was no longer possible. There must be no hesitancy, no delay. He stepped across the motionless body, with weapon flung grimly forward.

"Hands up, Joe! Put them up first before you turn around. Stop that! Don't try any tricks on me. Now stand there—Olga."

"Yes."

"Take that gun out of his hand; there is another in his belt; better get that also. That's right; now come over here; you understand firearms."

"Yes, of course," wonderingly, "I know how to shoot."

"I imagined so; Calkins would have taught you. Keep this fellow covered, and let him have it if he makes any effort to break away. Watch him closely, while I rip up that blanket, and tie him up."

He left her with the gun steadily pointed at Laud's head, the fellow cursing, with hands up, his angry eyes following every movement. He was desperate, maddened by sudden helplessness, with the sneaking ferocity of a wolf, yet was temporarily held motionless by the deadly peril. Shelby stripped the ragged blanket from off the dead bodies under the bench, and began hastily to rip it apart. The black, bloated face of Slagin stared upward, and Indian Joe saw it for the first time, a sudden spasm of terror causing him to burst forth:

"My God! what's that?"

"A little reminder, Joe," returned Shelby sternly. "Life is mighty cheap around here."

"But that's Hank Slagin!"

"Sure it is; he got his, an' you'll get yours if you drop those hands, you cur. Turn around now, and stop."

Laud obeyed, his face ugly and threatening, and Shelby took a step closer, the strip of blanket in his hands, his revolver thrust back into his belt. What Indian Joe saw will never be known; perhaps a slight wavering in the eyes of the girl, perhaps an instant lowering of her gun. But it was enough. All his hate and treachery drove him to a desperate chance. With the maddened leap of a wild beast, he sprang upon Shelby, gripping him fiercely by the throat, and the two went headlong to the floor. Olga fired, but without aim, missing them both, and dare not pull the trigger again, so tightly were the men grappled, as they rolled back and forth in frenzied effort to obtain mastery. Shelby, taken completely by surprise, was at a disadvantage, his throat crushed by sinewy hands, his loosened revolver flung half way across the room. He could only struggle to break the hold of his antagonist, rolling over and over, and forcing the fellow's head back with every ounce of strength he could bring into play. They were not unevenly matched, the two—Shelby the younger, and perhaps the stronger; but Laud a skilled fighter, hard as nails, and ready to resort to any trick. Moreover, he knew what he had set out to accomplish, and bent every effort to prevent the frightened girl from getting a shot at him. He hung on, his straining hands, like a vise, twisting tighter and tighter Shelby's shirt band, careless of any injury to himself so that he kept the body of the latter in protection between him and Olga's revolver. Yet, with every move, every straining whirl of their bodies, he gained an inch nearer the open door. He fought like an animal, sinking his teeth into Shelby's flesh, and driving his knees into his body. It was silent, bitter fighting, every muscle strained to the utmost, and the squaw-man won. They knocked over the bench, and crashed out through the partially open door, rolling down the single step into the weeds. Laud landed on top, his fingers still clutched on Shelby's throat, the latter half unconscious. Crazed, maddened as he was, the one desire to escape overcame his eagerness to kill, and Indian Joe, cursing, struck once at the upturned face, leaped to his feet and plunged into the shelter of the woods. Shelby, gasping painfully for breath, scarcely yet fully realizing what had occurred, lay motionless by for the quivering of his limbs.

Indeed, he had scarcely forced open his eyes when Olga was beside him.

"You—you are alive? He did not kill you?"

He endeavored to smile, lifting himself upon one elbow.

"No, no; I'm all right," he gasped. "The fellow got my throat, and I couldn't break his hold. The treacherous hound got me that time. You fired once?"

"Yes, but did not dare try it again. I got as near as I could," she explained swiftly, "but he managed to strike me with his foot and knocked me down. Then you rolled out of the door; there was no time for me to do anything."

"I know; I was a fool, and off my guard; it is no fault of yours; I should have taken no chances with the dog. Where did he go?"

"Down there, through the weeds to the creek; he had a horse down below."

"And rode away?"

"I think so; I am not sure. I—cared for nothing then but you; I thought perhaps he had killed you."

Shelby struggled to his feet, his strength returning, although he scarcely could swallow, and every word he uttered pained him.

"That devil will be back; the Hole is full of Indians. Our only chance is to get away before he can gather a bunch of his kind together."

"Get away? where?"

"Up the bluff; the place in which I hid last night. Once safely a hundred yards up the creek, we would be out of sight, and it will take them a while at least to find us. I believe the trail goes clear to the top. But wait; my revolver is inside the cabin."

He started back, and Olga followed closely. Standing upon the step, and looking down the valley, his head now above the level of the surrounding weeds, Shelby's teeth clinched tightly to keep back an oath, and his eyes darkened.

"There's no time left," he said grimly, pointing, "Laud has got his gang already; we're sure up against it now."

Even as she stood beside him, straining her neck to see, the cadence of a wild whoop came echoing to them from the distance; Laud and his Indians were coming across the flat, riding straight for the cabin, and lashing their ponies as they came.

"Are—are they after us?" she sobbed, grasping his arm, "are—are you sure?"

"No doubt of it; that's Laud a leadin' 'em. Them Injuns will do whatever he says. Come in quick; we got to fight it out here, I reckon there ain't much chance, but I'm likely to get some o' that outfit. Hurry, Olga; there ain't no time to lose."

He crashed the door shut, and flung the bar into place; then dragged forward the heavy bench and braced it as best he could. The interior was dark, only the little stream of light stealing in through the hole he had wrenched in the planking of the window enabling them to find their way about. He had to feel along the floor to recover his lost weapon, and before he could straighten up again, the wild chorus of yells rang close at hand, mingled with the sound of horses crashing recklessly through the maze of weeds, almost to the very door. Olga had shrunk back against the side wall, and Shelby could scarcely locate her in the gloom. He was the fighting man now, cool and eager.

"You have the two guns yet?"

"Yes."

"Give me one of them. Probably I am the best shot."

He looked straight into her eyes.

"You are not frightened, little girl?"

"Oh, yes I am; but—but I am not going to break down; you—you don't need to be afraid for me."

"I'm not; I know the real thing when I see it. You'll stay till hell freezes over. Only see here first—do you know who these devils are out there?"

"Sioux Indians, ain't they?"

"Ay, and the worst of the tribe; outcasts, hell-hounds, and the white man with 'em is no better. There ain't goin' to be no mercy in this fight. Whatever happens, don't you let 'em take you. Maybe they'll get me first, but if they do, you keep a shot in your gun. You know what I mean?"

The lines about her mouth hardened; there was a semblance of the old sullen look in her eyes.

"I know, Tom Shelby," she said steadily, "Dad Calkins used to tell me that before I ever met you. I ain't goin' to be made prisoner."

He gulped in his troat, his lips grim and hard-set.

"Maybe you'd shake hands?" he asked doubtfully. "Seems to me I'd rather like it if you did."

"Of course I will," and she thrust out both hands to him in sudden eagerness. "Why shouldn't I, Tom Shelby? I like you."

In the darkness she could scarcely see his face, but she felt the grip of his fingers, and caught the eager tremor in his voice.

"I sure am glad you said that," he admitted, as helpless to express himself as a child. "I sorter wanted you to for—for a long while. Hell! that's Laud out there now."

He stepped over beside the door, whipping both revolvers from his belt, and holding one in each hand. A small, round hole had been dug through the adobe plaster between the logs, and he bent down with his eye to the opening. The scene revealed beyond was a narrow one, a little segment of a circle, but he gained glimpse of those close at hand. A tall, rangy white man, with a dirty skin, and scraggling red beard was nearest at hand; and beyond him crouched an Indian naked to the waist, his face blackened and chest disfigured with gaudy paint. There were others behind these scattered out in fan shape, but he could only make them out indefinitely. Laud stood so close to the door his face could not be seen, but he held a rifle in his hands, pounding with the stock on the wood, as he angrily demanded admittance.

"Come on out of there, yer big fool," he roared, maddened by the silence. "We saw yer go back inside, an' we've got yer this time. Come on now; I won't ask you again!"

"On what terms?"

Shelby asked this more to prolong delay than anything else. The fellows knew they were there, and it was useless to pretend otherwise.

"Terms—hell!" and Indian Joe burst out into a loud laugh. "Hear the cock crow, Hanley. We'll make terms when we get hands on yer, yer darn sneaking spy. Only I'll say this, yer'll get it harder if yer hang on after we de get yer—an' by God! we'll get yer, sooner or later."

"We'll take the chances, Laud, and the fun is not going to be all on one side."

"It won't, hey! So yer goin' ter fight? All right, but there's no o' this outfit comin', an' yer blamed idiot; if we can git yer other way I reckon we can burn out. Come on now, save time, open up!"

He struck hard, and angrily with his gunstock, but the stout held. Shelby made no answer, bending low, and peering through the narrow opening, obstinate silence must have dened the fellow, for he suddenly reversed his weapon and fired, ball crashed through the leaving a jagged hole, and imbedded itself in the solid log of a back Before the smoke blew away Shelby replied, sighting out through small aperture, determined to every shot count. The nearest man flung up his arm, dripped blood, grabbed it and the crouching Indian behind crumpled up as though crushed some sudden weight, and moved. Laud sprang backward startled by the swift response within, the smoke swirling up tween his fingers, and Shelby drive. Whether the speeding struck, or missed, he never knew but the squaw-man gave startled leap into the concealment of the weeds, fell headlong, then went scrambling down to bank of the stream. It was all swiftly accomplished as to seem like a flashlight picture. When the smoke cloud rolled away not a ure was to be seen. Shelby stood grimly smiling, and replaced cartridges in his weapon. The was not yet, but he had taught a lesson in caution.

For a moment, blinded by gas out into the sunlight, he could nothing clearly about him, even the figure of Olga. He took step or two back into the gloom the room, nearly falling over two dead bodies on the floor. uncanny touch of them against foot gave his nerves a sudden shock.

"Where are you?" he asked.

"Here, by the other door. What has happened?"

He laughed, put at ease by quick response of her voice.

"Oh, I took pot shot through hole in the wall. I thought we might as well start the ball, Joe was getting so gay. Touched up two them; now they'll go back and it over."

"But they'll be back?"

"Sure; the Indians will be waiting till night, an' that ain't off. Maybe they will, but Laud some mad, I reckon; the way went down that bank was a caution I ain't seen nothing funnier for long while. What are you doin down there?"

There was a note of startled surprise in her voice.

"Why, this is strange! I—I had noticed before; I was too frightened perhaps—but come quick, Macklin's body is not here! I—it is gone

To Be Continued.

MAN, BOY, BOX BLOWN TO BITS BY DYNAMITE

Aden Thompson, 40, was carrying a box of dynamite. Beside him walked 14-year-old Allen Lewis. Suddenly the leather strap by which Thompson carried the box parted; the box fell to the ground.

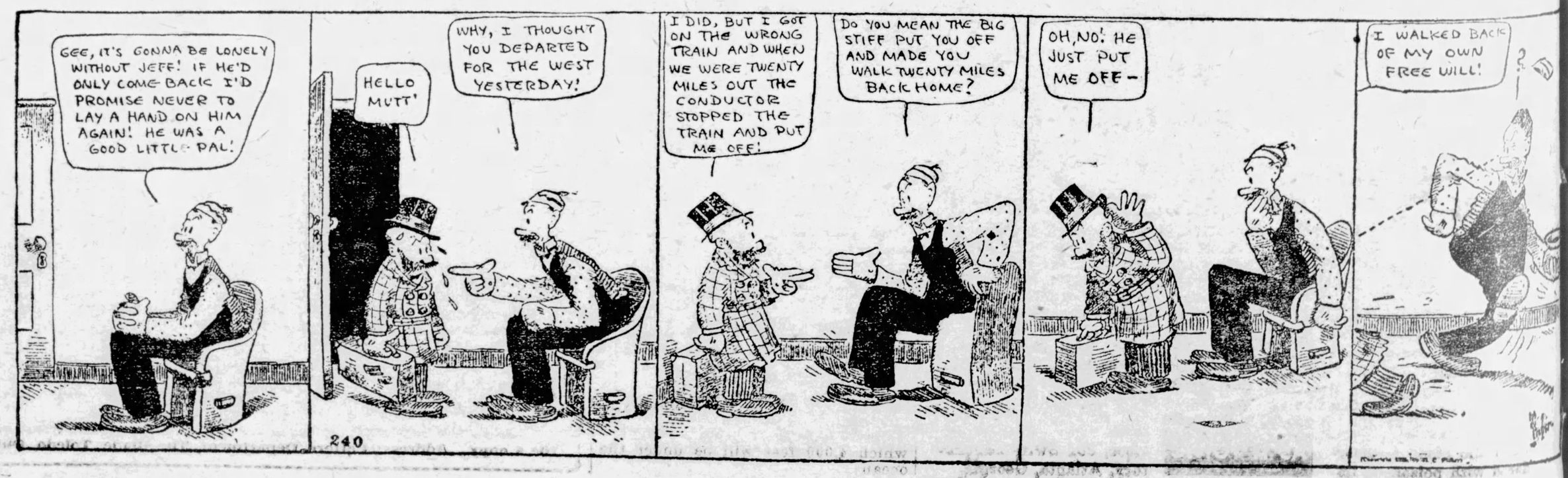
Within another second not a trace was left of the man, the boy or the box. All had been blown to atoms. Fragments of human flesh and bone and tiny splinters were found within a radius of half a mile. The tragedy occurred at Dixon Corners, near Cornwall, Quebec.

Sweet potatoes are grown in every part of China, and form a staple part of the diet of the people.

A Persian weaver spends about three weeks on each square foot of the surface of the best rugs.

MUTT AND JEFF—Jeff Wasn't Slipping the Conductor Any Extra Blame

By "BUD" FISHER


GEE, IT'S GONNA BE LONELY WITHOUT JEFF! IF HE'D ONLY COME BACK I'D PROMISE NEVER TO LAY A HAND ON HIM AGAIN! HE WAS A GOOD LITTLE PAL!
HELLO MUTT'
WHY, I THOUGHT YOU DEPARTED FOR THE WEST YESTERDAY!
I DID, BUT I GOT ON THE WRONG TRAIN AND WHEN WE WERE TWENTY MILES OUT THE CONDUCTOR STOPPED THE TRAIN AND PUT ME OFF!
DO YOU MEAN THE BIG STIFF PUT YOU OFF AND MADE YOU WALK TWENTY MILES BACK HOME?
OH, NO! HE JUST PUT ME OFF—
I WALKED BACK OF MY OWN FREE WILL!
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Questions and Answers

Rule 1—Your real name and post-office address must be on the sheet with the question. Initials will not do. 2. Ask only one question; that is, there may be several questions on the same subject, but no different subject. 3. This department will not give the address of any person or firm, nor answer as to the reliability of any person or firm not tell where you can buy anything—nothing in the way of free advertising. 4. We reserve the right to decline to answer any question not of general interest to a majority of our readers. 5. We will not answer any question involving dogma or doctrine or Biblican interpretations; no prices of old coins or stamps; no arithmetical or grammatical questions.

Frank G. Carpenter

Can you tell me something about the life of Frank G. Carpenter?—R. J., Ludington, Mich.

Frank George Carpenter, the American traveler and correspondent, was born in Mansfield, Ohio, May 3, 1855. In 1877 he graduated from the University of Wooster, and two years later began newspaper work as the legislative correspondent of the Cleveland Leader at Columbus. In 1881 he traveled in Europe and Egypt; the following year he was the Washington correspondent of the American Press Association; in 1887 the New York World, and from 1888 to 1889 made a trip around the world for a newspaper syndicate and the Cosmopolitan magazine.

Carpenter went to Mexico on a newspaper tour in 1891; to Russia, Germany and England in 1892, and to China, Japan and Korea in 1894. Later he traveled in South America, Java, the Philippines, Australia and New Zealand.

Latter Day Saints

Can you tell me something about the sect known as the Latter Day Saints?—M. C., Corydon, Ind.

The Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints is a continuation of the church which was organized at Fayette, N. Y., April 6, 1830, with six members. It was an anti-polygamist organization, and was effected by Joseph Smith, Oliver Cowdrey and others. Joseph Smith was chosen president. From the time of the organization the church rapidly increased. After the death of Joseph Smith, Brigham Young became his successor.

While at Winter quarters near Council Bluff, Iowa, in December, 1847, Young assumed the presidency of the church and led his followers to Salt Lake valley, where he introduced such doctrines as Adam-God, blood atonement and polygamy. None of these had been accepted by the church or taught by its authorities during the life of Joseph Smith. In 1851 a number of persons and local organizations, some of whom had stood aloof from all factions, started a movement that resulted in a conference at Beloit, Wis., in June, 1852. This conference renounced all allegiance to Young and others.

The church has always been aggressive in its fight against polygamy. The organization has a membership of about 50,000. It is prosecuting missionary work throughout the United States, the Canadas, Australia, New Zealand, Society Islands, Sandwich Islands, the British Isles, Scandinavia and other countries.

Miscellaneous

C. J. L., Mt. Ayr, Iowa.—There is no railroad connecting Florida with Cuba, but there is one built on piles which extends out to Key West, Fla. Steamers for Cuba connect with the terminal there.

F. M. L., Johnson City, Tenn.—The total eclipse of the sun that was visible in the United States after the Civil war occurred on August 7, 1869.

A. R. G., Clymer, N. Y.—We do not answer legal questions in this department.

C. W. J., Crawford, Neb.—We cannot answer technical questions in these columns.

C. C. R., Maxwell, W. Va.—We do not keep addresses of correspondents to this paper on file.

L. C., Texas—President Harding does not play golf on Sunday.

BLAMES WORN TRADITIONS FOR AMERICAN DISCONTENT

The typical American of today is a city dweller, President Walter Dill Scott of Northwestern university, told the students, alumni and visitors attending his inauguration as president of the university.

"We are no longer justified in assigning human depravity as the cause of inefficiency and discontent in homes, schools, churches and industries," President Scott added. "The real cause is rather to be found in us who are parents, teachers, ministers and managers. We have failed to develop methods of handling children, pupils, parishioners and workers in keeping with the developments of the 20th century.

"The social sciences have not been as completely developed as the natural sciences and as helpfully applied and consequently we have not made a similar advance in methods of training and handling men. Men and women are today not adequately trained for 20th century civilization and they are not working together effectively and happily.

"The typical American of today is more often the descendant of steerage passengers than of the pilgrim fathers," he added. "Our convention of men, our methods of training men and our methods of handling men are largely the traditions of the 18th and 19th centuries.

"The traditional methods of handling men in America was to divide them into two classes—the bosses and the drudges, and to treat them accordingly. Most Americans were thought to be bosses. * * * The social sciences teach us that Americans of today cannot be divided into bosses and drudges; that such distinctions are contrary to the facts and that the diverse methods of handling men, based on such distinction, are dangerous to the best interests of our nation.

"Our inherited methods of training and handling men fail to meet our present needs. For guidance we must understand the crowd and the mob. We must think in groups, classes and races. We must realize that in America today convention is more potent than tradition."

Supply Bureau for Purchases Urged by Senator McCormick

Senator Medill McCormick has introduced a bill providing for the centralization of government purchases by creating a bureau of supply.

This bill is number four in a series of reorganization measures introduced by the Illinois senator since the beginning of the present session. Others were: to establish a department of public welfare by grouping all the educational, health and social welfare activities of the government; and to establish a department of public works by consolidating all activities of an engineering nature.

The bill creating the bureau of supply provides for the appointment of a director at $10,000 by the President. The purpose of the bureau would be to purchase, store and distribute supplies to the executive departments and the independent branches of the federal government. An advisory contract board with one representative from each department would be authorized to aid in determining the government's needs through one agency rather than independently by each department would save millions of dollars annually.

Your Body Wears Out!

Keep It in Good Repair

Your body is a machine, subject to wear and tear like any other machine. Particles of it constantly need replacing.

Ordinary man-made machinery has to be patched by hand, but nature provides you with a repair system unequalled by human ingenuity. This is the blood stream, which carries nourishment to build up all parts of the frame and carries away worn out material.

Keep your blood in shape and this repairing goes on perfectly, but when the blood is disordered with poisonous impurities you are not kept in good repair.

Start purifying your blood with S.S.S. today! The well kept body should last a hundred years, but you can't expect a machine to endure if no care is taken of it.

S.S.S., which is made from fresh herbs, has been known for fifty years as a good blood remedy. Get it from your druggist right now, and write us fully about your condition. We will gladly give you special medical advice without charge. Address Chief Medical Advisor, 881 Swift Laboratory, Atlanta, Georgia.

USED 50 YEARS
S.S.S.
AS A TONIC
AT ALL DRUGGISTS

American Legion News and Views

TO settle any dispute as to the first American soldier killed in battle during the World war the War Department has issued the following statement:

The first American soldiers killed in battle (Nov. 3, 1917,) were: Col. James B. Gresham (from Evansville, Ind.); Pvt. Thomas F. Enright, (from Pittsburgh, Pa.), and Pvt. Merle D. Hay (from Glidden, Iowa), all of Co. F, 16th Inf., First Division.

Maj. Gen. C. P. Summerall states that the following is an extract from the inscription on a monument erected at Bathiemont, Lorraine, by the people of the Department of Meurthe-et-Moselle:

"Here in Lorraine earth, rest the three first American soldiers, who were killed in view of the enemy, on the 3d of Novembr, 1917. Corporal Jams B. Gresham (from Evansville), Private Thomas E. Enright (from Pittsburgh), Private Merle D. Hay (from Glidden), all of "F" Company, 16th Infantry Regiment, First Division.

"As worthy sons of their great and noble nation, they have fought for Justice, Liberty and Civilization against the German Imperialism, scourge of mankind. They died on the Field of Honor."

Col. George E. Ijamo, former assistant director of the War Risk Bureau in charge of finance, has returned from an extended trip through Europe, where he settled hundreds of cases of insurance and compensation both for American troops now on the Rhine and for ex-service men and the relatives of veterans living in European countries. He established a system of working through American consulates and other agencies abroad so that the interests of the relatives of foreign-born American veterans can be better protected.

More than two years after the organization was founded Sgt. Alvin York joined the American Legion. He was enrolled as a member of David King Summers Post at Chattanooga, Tenn., recently. York was present at the organization meeting of the Legion in Paris in 1919, representing the 82d Division, but never joined the organization.

"The Spirit of the American Doughboy" has been selected from a display of 147 statues by the National Memorial committee of the American Legion for use in the Legion's memorial to the victims of the Armistice day attack by I. W. W.'s in Centralia, Wash., as well as in the Legion's National Memorial. The statue is that of a doughboy breaking through barb wire. In one hand is a hand grenade and in the other a rifle with a bayonet fixed. Fifty-two ex-service men posed for the sculptor, E. M. Viquesney of Americus, Ga. After the statue had been partially completed it was subjected to an examination of hundreds of former infantrymen with a view of making the artist's conception an accurate reproduction of an American soldier in action.

Legal machinery to test the constitutionality of the New York state bonus law and the bonds issued thereunder was set in motion when Attorney General Charles D. Newton began a suit to compel payment to the state of a $25,000 bid for bonds made by Cornelius A. Pugsley, president of the Westchester County National bank of Peekskill.

At the bond sale Pugsley bid for $25,000 of the bonus bonds, but declined to pay for them on the ground that the constitutionality of the law authorozing them is in dispute. The bank agreed to expedite the determination of the question by joining in a stipulation to submit the controversy to the appellate division of the supreme court upon an agreed statement of facts, thus eliminating the necessity of beginning in a lower court. The decision of the appellate division will be appealed to the court of appeals, whose findings will be final. In the event that the highest court upholds the validity of the bonds, the state comptroller will be able to advance moneys from the state sinking fund in anticipation of sale of the bonds. This will obviate any further delay in obtaining money for payment of the bonds.

At the instance of the national legislative committee of the American Legion, the state department has cabled the American legation at Athens, Greece, instructions to investigate the status of 15 American veterans of the World war who, residing temporarily in Greece, claim to have been mobilized into the Greek military service.

Japan is planning to link two islands with a railroad tunnel, of which 4,000 feet will be under the ocean

FASHIONS BY MARTHA HOLDEN

"With our feather brooms and dusters,
We work all the day
Until we grow weary
Or hear somebody say—
"Come on girls—let's promenade awhile in the fashions."

We will suppose that they have just unlocked the door of their summer bungalow; they open the windows to let the fresh air circulate around the musty corners; they get after those cobwebs and the dust and wash the blue and white dishes and rearrange them on the shelves; they pick flowers, fill the vases, and put magazines and books on the table; they unpack their trunks and that is when we want to be there.

Wardrobe trunks look interesting even before they are opened—that is when they have just been left by the baggageman and we know they are brimming full of pretty things. Dresses hang in perfect order, dark blue crepe, pale green organdie, brown dotted swiss. Coats and sweaters attractive and colorful. Hats packed so beautifully in their well equipped drawer—large hats for the sunny days—small hats for the windy days—felt for sport. Shoes fitted into snug pockets, high walking boots well oiled and ready for the hikes, canvas oxfords, white slippers, brogues in two colors, black satin slippers for evening, tennis shoes and bathing shoes. Lingerie—dainty but simple, silk stockings ("we know she wears them"), nighties, lacy and silky, a bathing suit and a rubber cap. Those small squares of satin with frills of French ribbon and lace are sachets—don't they smell good? No trunk is completely packed without them.

We will wager though that with all her clothes, Miss 1095 will live in her bungalow dress. It could not be prettier and is so simple to make and so easy to wear. The others are equally practical and those girls are thankful early in the morning on a summer's day to take one or more little snooze and they don't feel guilty because they know it won't take a minute to slip into their neat morning garb.

When the babies play on the beach, any of these dresses are the very thing to wear while overseeing the building of the sandy castles and the muddy miniature mountains with tunnels and bridges made of sticks and pebbles.

And when the cakes and pies have to be baked for the week-end party these five maidens are ready to "pitch right in" and help.

Notice the laces at the neck of No. 9849. Doesn't she remind you of a sailor boy? Also the sash and rick-rack braid that Miss 9875 uses so decoratively. Those severe revers on Miss 9886's collar make the dress uncommon and becoming. The circular cross-barred yoke of No. 9974 is exactly the proper style to accentuate the beauty of sloping shoulders.

Bungalows have an air of laziness and ease—comfort and rest—perfect for summer—the relaxation one needs after the busy hustling days of the winter.

Suitable Styles For The Bungalow

No. 9849—Ladies' Apron—Cut in sizes 36, 40 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards 32-inch material, with ⅝ yard 36-inch contrasting.

No. 9875—Ladies' House Dress—Cut in sizes 36, 40 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 36-inch material, with 3¼ yards edging.

No. 9886—Ladies' Apron—Cut in sizes 36, 40, 44 and 48 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 4½ yards 36-inch material, with ¾ yard 24-inch contrasting.

No. 9974—Ladies' Apron—Cut in sizes 36, 40 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 36-inch material, with ½ yard 36-inch contrasting.

No. 1095—Ladies' and Misses' Dress—Cut in sizes 16 years, 36 to 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 2⅞ yards 36-inch material, with 1⅝ yards 40-inch material and 2 yards ruffling for separate guimpe.

The Blade will supply its readers with patterns of the above designs at the rate of 15 cents for each pattern. These patterns are stylish and perfect fitting. All seams allowed. Full directions for making. In ordering give number, size, age, etc.

MARTHA HOLDEN BOOKS OF FASHIONS issued quarterly, 10c a copy. Address: Pattern Department, The Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

OUR PEACE PAGE

TOMMY'S CONSCIENCE

BY MARTHA HOLDEN

MOTHER, may I have some firecrackers?" asked a lively little five-year-old boy.

Being only another question, his mother paid no attention, but after repeating it once more than her patience could stand, she replied emphatically, "No, certainly not," and dismissed that from her mind.

Boys and questions go together of course but it happened that this time Tommy was in earnest—his heart was set on firecrackers and though he knew mother's "no" meant "no," still this was one thing he really wanted.

Snap—Bang! Zipp! teased his imagination. Red, dangerous and dazzling—noisy and thrilling—just what he wanted—a whole bunch with their evil tongues ready to lick the flame from the forbidden match. Bang! Bang!

Wouldn't you know at this identical moment Tommy's glance would fall on mother's purse which she had left upon the table? Money was a means of possession and there it was—heaven-sent and within reach. His conscience, never having had an experience like this before, failed him, and the first thing Tommy knew he had a dollar bill crushed into a tight wad and held tight in his hand and he was running away in the direction of the store which had the luring window.

A purchase of a bunch of firecrackers is a simple thing, but Tommy's heart beat fast as he pocketed the change in his linen suit. The package was too big for his pocket yet he wished that it could be hidden, too. What he wouldn't give for a match, but he must wait until he could rob the kitchen, as one theft brought on another in his case. Haste was necessary but luck was with him for mother was still busy and apparently had not noticed his absence. He found the matches in the kitchen and wandered carelessly to the farthest corner of the yard where he was quite secluded by the lilac bushes. He struck a match triumphantly and held a shaking hand toward the firiest cracker of all. He lit it and waited expectantly. "Bang!" it said as it burst in the air. Now this is what Tommy called fun and he wished he had bunches and bunches.

"Tommy" called mother, "Where in the world are you? Tommy!" again in sharper tones. Longingly he left the treasure and ran toward the house, but horrors—! The money jangled in his pocket so loudly that mother's ears would surely hear it. What should he do?

Like many another in an equally embarrassing moment, he "planted" the coins in the place nearest at hand which happened to be under the tree near the porch.

"Where have you been?" asked busy mother, but retribution had a chance, for Tommy played at mother's scheme of appearing not to hear the question. He did not even have a pang of conscience when his dear mother dressed him and caressingly kissed him. The first day had gone well. Tommy, of course, could not theorize but his impression was that if anybody ever wanted anything within reach, all they had to do was to take it. But the next day his troubles began. Mother, his precious mother, had an unnatural aloof air which caused the dawning of an uncomfortable sensation for Tommy. It was the awakening of his dormant conscience. He tried to play but something was decidedly the matter. He tried to make a few overtures to his adorable mother, but her attitude was cold and unheeding. Something must be done, this could not go on, it wasn't any fun to be ostracized from the affection of his dearest chum. And when she approached him with money in her hand—money that looked suspiciously like the change he had hidden away—he felt for a moment the weakness of terror. But no, a thought came to his rescue. Simplest thing in the world!

"How do you suppose this money came to be out under the tree?" asked mother seriously—but the question, though sounding so ominous was the very one Tommy expected and he felt rather inclined to adopt the air of a braggadocio because he had foreseen and prepared.

"You swept it out," he enlightened her.

"I think," said mother slowly, "that you had better go upstairs and think it over."

Now this was a new angle to the situation. Mother's word was law so he went upstairs, but thinking it over was the last thing he wanted to do.

"When you have something to tell me, you may come down," were the parting words he heard as he slowly climbed the stairs.

He thought. And he thought some more. "Yes, mother did sweep the money out." If a firecracker had been two inches away from him he would have felt no inclination to light it. It was a dreary world, no fun. He wondered if mother really knew. He wished she would come upstairs. He wished anything would happen that would keep him from thinking. He wished he had not been questioned, but he wished most of all that he had not even thought of taking the money. An hour dragged by—tears had come and dried on his hot little face. Still the battle waged. Loneliness began to get the best of him—suppose he had to think forever—! He could stand it no longer.

"Mother," he cried, and stumbled down the steps. "Mother, dear," he sobbed, "I took the money." His precious mother was right there ready to hear her baby's confession—ready to soothe her unhappy boy—ready to love him. And after while, when all was well once more, tears were wiped away and smiles were exchanged between those good old pals, mother asked softly, "Was it worth it, Tommy?" and Tommy answered precociously, "No, mother, I will never do it again—it's too heavy on my mind."

Mixing With Martha

Cooling Drinks.

Just grape-juice and water with a long spiral of lemon peel added; a slice of orange in a glass of iced tea; fruit punch with a berry or sprig of garden mint; or perhaps a cucumber rind—it is the color that will tempt, the sound of ice against thin glass, the doily of fern leaves instead of linen! A bunch of currants hanging on the side of a glass filled with currant lemonade, or iced coffee or chocolate topped with a floating puff of whipped cream.

Our Correspondents

Half learned and then lost—! Who can come to the rescue with a copy of "The Romish Lady?" It was published in the Weekly Feb. 17, 1921. Miss Hazel Renner, Caldwell, Ohio, care of Mr. L. D. Renner, is the little lady's address.

Who has six copies of poems that they will send to Lee Carey, Ceredo, W. Va., R. F. D. 1, No. 31, for Children's Day? As we do not know the date of that day in Ceredo, we will trust to luck that they get there in time.

Mrs. Guy Blanchard sends the following recipe for apple vinegar which was requested by Miss Vena Clark: Take your waste or small apples to the cider mill; have cider made; put cider into a cask or barrel; leave the bung out for about 8 months; when the froth has ceased to flow put into cask about 2 lbs. of brown wrapping paper which makes "mother" for good vinegar; use 2 lbs. of paper to every 10 gallons cider; leave bung out for 1 yr., then put in again; leave tight for another year as it takes 2 years to make good vinegar. The darker colored the paper you use the more sour the vinegar. This recipe if carefully followed will not fail. Mrs. Blanchard's letter is full of the very things we want. She suggests that Will D. Eadie of Chico, Cal., write to the Tuttle Publishing Co. or Chalmers Book and Toy Store both of Rutland, Vermont, where he may be able to get the book "The Siver Lute." Another good suggestion to dispose of ants, either red or black, is to sprinkle turpentine, red pepper or borax in their path. After all these favors Mrs. Blanchard (East Wallingford, Vermont, R. F. D. No. 2) asked us to send her a card and letter shower June 3rd, as it was her 9th wedding anniversary, but we will have to be "better late than never" as it was impossible to pass the word in time.

MERRY-GO-ROUND

BELONGS IN ROLL CALL.

Dear Miss Martha and Cousins—I think I am too old to call anyone aunt, 71 years old in a few days. I enjoy the letters of both old and young in The Weekly Blade. I had a faint hope when so many writers were calling the roll of the Peace Page writers that someone might remember me, yet that hope has gone glimmering. I read the letters in the issue of May 26 from the dear old boys who wore the blue in '61-'65 and as I read I found the tears streaming down my face. I had two dear brothers in that war; they were in the gallant First Kentucky cavalry. They were in many battles, but lived through the war, came to Texas many years ago and both are now sleeping underneath the Texas sod.

A few more years and the last of that victorious band will have been mustered out, yet they will live in the history of this nation which they offered their young manhood to save, as long as America loves freedom and loyalty. I enjoy the young peoples letters; I hope Levant Owen finds his ideal. There is hope for our country if we have more young people like these young writers. I used to write for this page when Miss Emily Bouton was our editor, then later when dear Elizabeth Ayres was with us. I have a personal letter from her that I prize highly. Later I have written a few times since Martha Holden has been our efficient editor. I will be glad if she deems these rambling thoughts worthy of reproduction. With kind wishes for all Blade readers, I am faithfully—Aunt Bess of Texas.

SPEAKS FROM EXPERIENCE

This is my first attempt, at writing to the dear old Blade, I cannot get along without it. I have taken it for ten years now and I enjoy the whole of it—especially the Peace Page. I hope the waste basket won't see me coming in for I have come all the way from Maine to see you. Why is it that I don't see more letters from Maine in the Blade(I want to sit beside Bachelor Billy. His letter "Where Bachelor Billy Defines" was lovely. I really and truly enjoyed it—in fact every one of his letters—in this one he mentioned what a husband ought to do—stay in evenings unless he had business and then he ought to tell his wife about it. Now it is this that I want to ask—If you were married and you had three or four little children would you stay in evenings while your wife went to the neighbors for a little while(This is another thing altogether. I am married and have three children so I know what I am talking about. My "ideal" said the same as you say—but did he keep his promise(But he is just as kind and good in every other way so B. Billy if you see this letter in print will you please answer the one question that I have asked? Now in regard to the ball games (this I want to write to Pansy of North Carolina) I suppose ball games like everything else are all right in their place, but when it comes to practicing almost every night and playing the regular game Friday night and the nights they play away from home, where is the poor wife? At home alone with the kids—you see I am sticking up for the mother. Now you mothers who are in the same place as I am, please help me out. Pansy, when you get married you may feel as I do now. I am sure that Aunt Martha is married. With best wishes to B. Billy, Lavant Owen, Farmer Girl and all of you from—Blue Eyes of the Pine State.

AGAINST FAME.

In recent issues of the Blade, I note some very interesting articles. I note in one issue some echoes from John McCutcheon who wanted a little old fashioned business honesty in workman and business man. Allow me to say that as I see things, he left out the most essential word "Education." If I see straight the whole trend in recent years in educational, professional and business institutions, is to establish fame for certain nations as well as individuals regardless of reason. Many learned men and women have lost their heads on the subject of fame. The fame craze seems to be contagious until now it is about one of the worst hindrances in the way of man's useful progress as well as health. The plain people have been praying for peace on earth for thousands of years.

Willson Omer, (Iowa).

"SERVING OTHERS."

That seat given me in Short and Sweet was excellent so I come again. Someone has wisely suggested that we discuss our ideal vacation. That is my theme. To me the life of service has its fascination. It has the most alluring prospects. When we begin to serve others the "Divine Plan" is coming to its recognized worth. We love those we serve and love linked with service makes life golden. It is our privilege to speak some word or act someway helpful to the travelers on the road of life. It may be a smile or a kindly wave of the hand that sends a thrill of pleasure through the life of some weary stranger. Each good gift bears fruit to the donors (happiness), but let love be linked with all service, for that is God's gift to man and many lives are spoiled because of this virtue being too safely stored away. We often sing, "Let a little sunshine in." I would like to change it to "Let a little sunshine out." Solomon says that a king without love is but a beggar in purple.—Gene of Va.

The POETS' CORNER

The Eagle

Percival.

Bird of the broad and sweeping wing,
Thy home is high in heaven,
Where wide the storms their banners fling,
And the tempest clouds are driven.
Thy throne is on the mountain top,
Thy fields, the boundless air,
And hoary peaks, that proudly prop
The skys, thy dwellings are.

Thou sittest like a thing of light,
Amid the noon-tide blaze;
The mid-day sun, though clear and bright,
Can never dim thy gaze.
When the night storm gathers dim and dark
With a shrill and boding scream,
Thou rushest by the foundering bark,
Quick at a passing dream.

Lord of the boundless realm of air,
In the imperial name,
The hearts of the bold and ardent dare
The dangerous path of fame.
Beneath the shade of thy golden wings
The Roman legions bare,
From the river of Egypt's cloudy springs
Their pride, to a polar shore.

For thee they fought, for thee they fell,
And their oath was on thee laid;
To thee the clarions raised their swell,
And the dying warrior prayed.
Thou wert, through an age of death and fears
The image of pride and power,
Till the gathering rage of a thousand years
Burst forth in one awful hour.

And then a deluge of wrath it came,
And the nations shook with dread,
And it swept the earth till its fields were flame
And piled with the mangled dead.
Kings were rolled in the wasteful flood,
With the low and crouching slave;
And together lay, in a shroud of blood,
The coward and the brave.

And where was then thy fearless flight?
O'er the dark mysterious sea,
To the lands that caught the setting light
The cradle of Liberty.
Then the silent and lonely shore,
For ages, I watched alone,
And the world, in its darkness, asked no more
Where the glorious bird had flown.

But then came a bold and hardy few,
And they breasted the unknown wave;
I caught afar the wandering crew,
And I knew they were high and brave.
I wheeled around the welcome bark,
As it sought the desolate shore,
And up to heaven, like a joyous lark,
My quivering pinious bore.

And now that bold and hearty few,
Are a nation wide and strong;
And danger and doubt I have led them through
And they worshiped me in song;
And over their bright and glancing arms,
On field and lake and sea,
With an eye that fires and a spell that charms
I guide them to victory.

Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers

The breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods, against a stormy sky,
Their great branches tost;
And the heavy night hung dark,
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
They the true-hearted—came.
Not with the roll of the stirring drum
And the trumpet that sounds of fame;
Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear,
They shook the depths of the desert gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard and the sea,
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthems of the free.
The ocean eagle soared
From his nest by the white wave's foam,
And the rocking pines of the forest roared—
This was their welcome home.

There were men of hoary hair
Amidst that pilgrim band;
Why had they come to wither there,
Away from their childhood land?
There was woman's fearless eye
Lit by her deep loves truth;
There was manhood's brow serenely high
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of sees? the spoils of war?
They sought a faith's pure shrine.
Aye, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod;
They left unstained what there they found
Freedom to worship God.

The Flag of Betsy Ross

By John Clair Minot.

Long are the years that it dr
across—
The tale that is dear and dim,
Of Washington's visit to Betsy R
And the flag that she made
him—
The tale of the flag with the
diant folds
And the stars in the field of bl
And well we have cherished all
holds
That has thrilled us through a
through.

And well do we treasure still
scene,
In the quaint old Quaker tow
Over the folds with their silk
sheen
The seamstress is bending dow
The roses are blooming beside
door
Where the fragrant breeze co
through,
The breeze that will welcome fo
ever more
The Red and the White and
Blue.

And the eyes of the seamstre
what do they see
In the stars she has circled the
The sign of a Union that shall be
Forever free and fair!
So the vision grows as her need
flies
Through the hurrying hours, a
then,
When the sun is low in the weste
sky,
The General comes again.

All this we have read; but who c
tell
Of the flag that she made t
day?
What was its fate, and what bef
When the General rode away?
O, where did it fly, and where did
fade,
And where was it last hau
down—
The flag that Betsy, the seamstre
made
In the quaint old Quaker town?

Did it fly, perchance, in the batt
smoke,
The target of shot and shell?
Did it hear the cheers when t
enemy broke,
And the groans of the men w
fell?
Did it wave o'er the ranks of bu
and blue,
And the glory of victory share,
When the blood-red banner of Brit
flew
But a captive trophy there?

Did it fly, perchance, in the favo
ing breeze,
On a ship that sailed afar
Beyond the farthermost sweep
seas,
Where the Islands of Mystery ar
Did it know the last of the roari
gales,
And the kiss of the salty foam?
Did it flutter aloft when the weath
ed sails
Were furled in the harbor of hom

Did it fly, perchance, o'er the teem
ing town,
When the land knew peace agai
Wherever its gleaming stars looke
down
On the ways of busy men;
Where every wind that its strip
could know
Brought a message fair and goo
Of the spirit that blessed the squa
below,
Where the church and the schoo
house stood?

O, where did it fly, and where did
fade,
And where was it last hau
down—
The flag that Betsy, the seamstres
made
In the quaint old Quaker town?
It is vain to ask; we only know
That the fabric fell in dust
And went to the Land Where Lo
Things Go,
As every fabric must.

The fabric faded and fell apart;
Yet the beautiful flag we know
Is the flag unfading that thrilled t
heart
Of Washington long ago,
And in that flag through the yea
to be,
Wherever its free folds toss,
Shall the eyes of a loyal people s
The flag of Betsy Ross!

Your Flag and My Flag

Wilbur S. Nesbit.

Your Flag and my Flag, and how
flies today
In your land and my land, and ha
the world away!
Rose-red and blood-red, the stripe
forever gleam,
Snow-white and soul-white—the go
forefather's dream;
Sky-blue and true blue, with sta
to gleam aright—
Glorified all else beside—the Re
the Blue, the White.

Your Flag and my Flag! And, o
how much it holds—
Your land and my land—secure wit
in its folds!
Your heart and my heart beat quic
er at the sight;
Sun-kissed and wind-tossed, Red a
Blue and White.
The one Flag—the great Flag—th
Flag for me and you—
Glorified all else beside—the Re
and White and Blue.

Your Flag and my Flag! To ever
star and stripe
The drums beat as hearts beat an
fifers shrilly pipe!
Your Flag and my Flag—a blessi
in the sky,
Your hope and my hope—it neve
hid a lie!
Home land and far land, and ha
the world around,
Old Glory hears our glad salute a
ripples to the ground.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

HOUSEHOLD and CHILDREN

DESTINY AND A BOY

The International Sunday School Lesson for July 3 Is "The Early Life of Paul"—Acts 21:39; 22:3, 28; 2 Tim. 3:14, 15; Deut. 6:49.

BY WILLIAM T. ELLIS.

SHALL we start our stirring story today—the biography of a boy—from a carved marble pillar that I treasure in my home, because it is dug from the ruins of the old, old city which was the birthplace of the boy, Saul of Tarsus? This fragment of ancient stone is precious because the touch of a great life is upon it. For so personality enriches and enlightens everything.

William T. Ellis

Somebody asks, as he turns over the day's newspaper, "What do you know about the new fighting between the Turks and the French, and the Turks and the Christians, in this place called Cilicia?" His neighbor shakes his head negatively, as he devotes himself to the more familiar theme of the big prize fight. But if the remark had been, "I see that there is more trouble in the Apostle Paul's home town of Tarsus," it would have been received with interest. "You don't mean to say that the old city of Tarsus is still on the map? And that it is one of the central sore spots of the Near East? Well, well! What do you know about that? Why, I studied about Tarsus and Paul when I was a kid in Sunday school."

The biggest fact about any community is that a certain man was born there. Chambers of Commerce may boost a town, but only boys and girls grown great can really put it on the world's map. A surprising number of our soldiers in France visited the little town of Domremy, simply because it was the birthplace of Joan of Arc. The centuries make pilgrimage to the early homes of the great. The log cabin in which Abraham Lincoln was born is now enshrined within a beautiful marble building on the spot where he once played in happy poverty. The Old World is holy ground because dotted with the memorials of the great ones of history. Bethlehem, Nazareth and Jerusalem are the centers of perpetual pilgrimage because Jesus once dwelt there. We wonder how many of the boys and girls who are being taught this present lesson on Saul of Tarsus will themselves be the means of making their home towns famous?

The Boy Who Counts.

My neighbor is a gentle ornithologist, but his 5-year-old son despoils birds' nests! Also, he climbs the difficult trees of the neighborhood; I heard him up in the cherry tree by my study window a few days ago, and we had a talk about the trees he climbs. He disdains the easy ones, and is heedless of dirty hands and torn clothes. "That Benny is a little rascal!" declared an authority on boys, recounting some of his mischevious pranks and his power over his playmates; but, as she spoke, her eyes sparkled with admiration. She would not have him otherwise, for his traits all spell personality. I am counting on Benny to be a climber in life. He will do the unconventional, and often shock Mrs. Grundy—unless the wrong sort of teachers iron him out in the meantime—but he will emerge a real man, a doer in life. Perhaps I may live to boast that "I knew him when he was a boy."

As I walked through an old Roman arch in the city of Tarsus, the first thought was "Paul walked under this very same arch when he was a boy." Doubtless he was proud of it, as one of the beautiful sights of his city; for Paul knew how to boast—fie upon him!—and 10,000 speakers and writers have cribbed his phrase, "a citizen of no mean city." The Tarsus slogan, thanks to him, is better known than that of Chicago, or any other modern municipality.

We do not know much about Paul's boyhood in this Roman university city; but we do know that, like my little neighbor Benny, he must have been a personality. He was an originator and an initiator, a leader of his boyhood "gang." We do not any longer have to whisper the great truth—once a heresy among professional educators—that it is not the prim and proper and ever-conforming boy who amounts to most, but the one with personality and daring and originality. Foolish parents and teachers seek to compress children into a common mold; the wise encourage the development of individuality and self-reliance.

After all these centuries, let us offer this little tribute to the memory of the parents and teachers of the boy, Saul of Tarsus; they also were great, for he mirrors their greatness. Behind every achieving life is some unknown person or persons who helped make it possible.

A Country Doctor Hero.

On the platform at Princeton Junction, recently, I fell into talk with a man wearing a smile that went deeper than his many facial wrinkles. We talked all the way to Philadelphia. I had seen him saying goodbye to a husky student at the Princeton station, and I surmised the story before I heard it.

Of course, he was happy, with that matchless happiness which is like no other joy that life ever brings—the happiness of a father whose son is doing well, in character and in achievement. I heard all about it: the boy is a modest Christian, of noble character—that, first of all, was the father's pride. Later came a recital of athletic prowess and of boyhood successes and traits. How the face of the father glowed, as we sat slouched back in the seat of a night train, and the conversation ran on! More than one millionaire would give his last dollar to possess such a son as the boy who had bidden his dad goodnight at the train.

Still, I am bound to say that my admiration went out to the father, rather than to the boy. Happily, I know many such students; they are a pride and a delight and a hope of our time, with its perplexities. The father was unconscious of his own qualities. He is a small-town physician, with only the income that such receive. He has five children, and he seemed to take it for granted that all of them must be educated. That man is planning to have his wife and children move to Philadelphia, in order that the young people may have the advantage of the city high schools and advanced institution of learning, together with the constant touch of home and mother upon them. He makes light of his own loneliness, even as he glosses over the palpable financial sacrifices he is undergoing. And it never occurs to him that his relations with his big boy are those which the wise men who write books set forth as the ideal to be striven for. That father modestly sums up his own biography in the phrase, "I'm only a country doctor." But he is also a hero and a patriot and a maker of men who may shape the world's new tomorrow. He is doing sublimely the greatest work in the world, after the fashion of the Apostle Paul's parents and teachers, such as Gamaliel; preparing the new generation to be better than the old.

Watching the Foundations.

One of my favorite recreations these days is to start men who are rich in experience and wisdom to talking about the cures for the ills of our day, and about the world's better tomorrow. Most of them scarcely need starting. From many voices I hear, over and over again, the philosophy that made the boy Saul of Tarsus great. That is simply the essential place of old-fashioned religion in life.

Recently I listened for nearly an hour, in the private office of a distinguished Pittsburgh man, while he talked about righteousness in business and politics and public life. He was not scolding. On the contrary, he was relating recent personal experiences with President Harding and a certain cabinet officer, to illustrate the grip and power of simple religion. What a tale that would have been had he dared to narrate it on the platform! Then he told me of an unconventional conference with a group of Wall street magnates, wherein a business man turned preacher with many a "Thou art the man!" to his discourse; and the effect was an action for public righteousness, now known to the world, which has had a tonic effect upon our time.

This Pittsburgh business man specifically extolled the Sunday school, because it provides this essential training; and he told the story of a high government official who really had no formal education outside of the Sunday school, and who attributes his success to this training. Doesn't it kindle our hearts to a glow to consider that in our own Sunday schools and homes we, too, may be preparing God's new Sauls for humanity's new needs?

Short and Sweet

The invitations are so alluring and coming so fast, we will have to fly from place to place. Teaser invites us to take our dinner to the woods near Paris Crossing, Ind., and go for a swim, and see which one of us can gather the most different kinds of flowers for a bouquet on our table. And if we will pick the blackberries, Teaser will make a big juicy blackberry cobbler for us. "Let's go!"

As it is housecleaning time, guess what Anne of Green Gables sent us in a letter which will appear in Boys and Girls as soon as possible? An imported rug to put in front of our club room fireplace. It is only four inches long, but it is a "magic carpet" and made itself small enough to travel. We feel so dressy that even old Mr. W. B. swells with pride. Ann sent us an imported ivy leaf, too, so we will have cool ivy growing around the sills of our windows.

Sally Ann from W. Va., being related to the Indians herself, is looking for another letter from Chickahoming Indian. She asks if next time she won't please sign her real name and tell more about herself.

We have two letters from Happy Mountain Boy so Aunt Martha will "hit the high spots" of one and put the other in the Boys and Girls column soon, as she promised. He knows because Bachelor Billy is such a grouch that he will have a string of girl enemies clear around the globe if he goes on King Phillip's trip around the world. He suggests, too, that Buckeye Hilliken be captain since he is so level-headed while driving trucks and wire staples. Come on Happy Mountain Boy on our vacation with us and we will try to help you dig up that treasure you are finding as elusive as the rainbow. He wonders if the rest have had as difficult a search. He is hunting for his vocation. He says he is a competent, efficient, fairly intelligent person and can do many kinds of work exceedingly well, but he cannot decide whether to be a politician like W. J. Bryan, a preacher like Billy Sunday, a dressmaker like that man over in Paris who designs the latest styles or whether he should try to surpass Caruso, Thomas Edison or Bud Fisher. He does not want to spend half his life digging coal or mending shoes and then find that the world had lost thereby a second Milton or Shakespeare. Come on—We will surely find your vocation for you on our trip. We will use the close of his letter for the close of our column this week. "All aboard the ship of dreams! Let us sail together over the sea of ambition to the land of the future."

Adeline Hammer sends a "thank you" to her friends for her birthday shower. She received 15 letters and 100 cards, a box of candy and a handkerchief, and all from her Blade friends whom she has never seen. She has thanked each one with the exception of those who did not give their address, so Short and Sweet will do the rest; we are glad that our "21-year-old" friend had so much pleasure, and hope that she will write often.

Here comes a stranger who loves "folks"—bless her. She says she may be a stranger to us but not to The Blade, for her "poppy" takes it, and now we want to assure her that she is one of our own dear friends. She likes Bud because she is a farm girl, and she wants her to know that she is a "real American girl" too. "Happy Biddie" is her name, sounds like a spry little bird, doesn't it?

It is a good thing that more of us are not effected by King Philip's letter as Freddie was, for she laughed so hard that she was not able to be around for a day or so. Freddie is coming again after she gets over the bump she received while hurdling the waste basket. If our page is getting this lively, maybe we will have to start a "first-aid" column.

Our helpless friend, Robert Brewer, Southport, N. C., sends thanks to the cousins for their kindness in sending him books. He enjoys reading Zane Grey's books and he likes the author of "The Phantom Herd" best of all. He especially enjoyed, too, "The Valley of Silent Men" by James Oliver Curwood. As these books are about all the company he has, he wants the cousins to know how much he appreciates them, and will surely be grateful to anyone of us who remember him in the future.

BOYS AND GIRLS

On Our Way.

Please, oh please, wait a minute, 'cause I've been running along the bank trying to attract your attention for such a ways! And it is 100 degrees in the shade today (our thermometer said so), so you see I'm about "puffed out." I thought I had best give my invitation to stop and visit me right away while you were so near. And please may I go along? Don't say no. I was so sure of an invitation from Aunt Martha, I already have my plans made to go. I see the cousins on board are from Ohio and Michigan, because I suppose you encircled the state of Michigan by going across Lakes Huron and Michigan.

Indianapolis has a population of something near 800,500. It is also our capital and trade center. It contains more than one-twelfth of all the people in Indiana. Only 20 cities in the whole Union are larger. It was founded in the year 1820. From the state house and museum we will go over to the Soldiers and Sailors' Monument; as there are 32 flights of stairs we will ride in the elevator, and there is where we can get a splendid view of the city. I should like so much to show you through some of our hospitals and schools but our time is getting short. Perhaps it is better to save something for our next visit, for you will surely come again—won't you? Aunt Martha says each entertainer shall furnish lunch, so let us stop in at the Bamboo Inn. It is such a dear, tiny place we may be a wee bit crowded, but we are all one family so I am sure no one will mind. You can all sit around at those small tables. We have Chinese service and I am sure you will find them very courteous and considerate of your wants.

I suppose one little cousin must not expect to keep you always with her so I will describe myself and let you go. I am 5 ft. 3 in. tall, weigh 115 pounds, have brown hair and blue eyes and am between 18 and 21 years of age. Come again when we all get home again.—"Tom."

King Phillip Wishes.

'Tis the end of a perfect Spring day. I am sitting here in the twilight on the window seat, rather tired, though pleasantly so. Our whole class took a field trip today armed with kodaks and notebooks and came back ladened with enough spoils to make Attila the Hun turn green with envy. My hands are scratched and my boots are muddy and I've had the pleasure of losing sister's newest spy-glasses, so I am just a tiny bit cross. But I want to write a few lines before I dress for dinner. As I watch the stars come out one by one I think of those simple little lines learned long ago in childhood about "star light, star bright, first star I see tonight," etc., so tonight I am going to make three wishes and to disobey the old adage I am going to tell them. But while you listen please remember that children are allowed to wish perfectly impossible things. You will find nothing original about them.

First, wouldn't a whole big magazine (editor, Aunt Martha) be just too lovely for anything! "What," you shriek, "in this day, age and time of overwork, paper scarcity and a million other things? Impossible!" But is it? I don't see why—this is the 20th century and Aunt Martha being willing and we, the great big public, wanting it and not to be satisfied until we get it, the rest ought to come much easier. Second, Aunt Martha I wish I had more of your work in book form. A week is a long, long time to wait for another editorial. In fancy I see myself here in the library on a cold winter's night while wind and sleet are rattling at the windows and Old Myron lies asleep on the tiger rug and the cat is blinking at the open fire. I see myself go over to the bookcase and from several shelves of books by Martha Holden, make a selection and settle down comfortably before the fire while her magic words unfold themselves. Last, let us boys and girls start a crusade to place The Toledo Blade in every American home (I think crusade sounds more romantic than just plain drive). The Toledo Blade is not an ordinary newspaper, it is an institution. It stands for everything that we as true Americans stand for, and aren't our institutions worth living for, fighting for, and dying for? Mr. Ellis says our best work is done when we take no thought of material gain and work unselfishly. Now isn't that a capital idea? Then let us work hard and unceasingly without premiums for the dear old Blade, with the same spirit we put into the war saving stamp drive and the Near East funds. Here comes that maligned old waste basket out from under Aunt Martha's desk like a dragon from its cave, to throw me into the dungeon of silence, so please be good enough or mean enough to throw him another victim to keep him busy another minute.

Arthur McIntosh I see by your last letter we children will have to renounce all hopes of becoming citizens of tomorrow and at once become citizens of today. Have we said good-bye to garden hoops and swings, to swimmin' holes and everything so dear to childish hearts? Children are now grown up men and women swayed by the same emotions. The very babies leap from their cradles shrieking world saving paneceas. Humpty Dumpty, your letter was splendid and not a bit stale, but dear, dear, I must not call it fresh—I think my English is short on superlatives. Pardon me for being awkward but I never saw in all the books how a king compliments an egg. The best I can think of is that you are delicious and I like you immensely, and dear, do be careful how you clamber over the wall for you know "all my horses and all my men could never put you together again."

Would her Majesty, Dixie Queen, come again? Thanks for your invitation to discuss my castles with you, Dixie Moonbeam, I will be proud to and I promise to come soon and unmask, but don't you dare to fall out of that "pine" of yours. Golden Girl come again. Prairie Rose—excuse me—P. R., but there, Aunt Martha says wait 'til you come again. Best wishes to all.—King Phillip of Spain.

"Sho-us-another-letter"

I have been a silent reader of the Peace Page since I can remember and now I am knocking for admittance into your happy circle. (Whisper, who's he?) Why he is one of those personages who comes up to some of those specifications of the much-discussed ideals as being six feet tall, broad shouldered, having brown hair, blue eyes and a light complexion. Sorry, girls, but don't believe I'd suit you on account of my numerou faults (Aunt Martha, scare them off my trail.) I think Aunt Martha's suggestion of a Blade tour simply grand and if this is in print I promise to come again with the description of the power house and dam across the Mississippi river at Kiokuk, Iowa, which I believe is considered the largest in the world. It is 20 miles from my home but I have visited it many times.

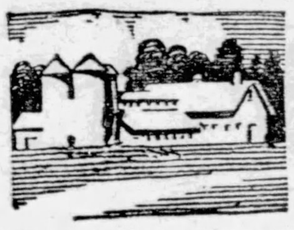
Buckeye Hilliken, are you too busy to send us your address? I would like very much to correspond with you. Am I right, Aunt Martha, in thinking your picture appeared on the Peace Page several years ago? I will give you my motto and run for I don't want to crowd any good letters off the page. Here it is: "Do not offend and be not easily offended. Cure what can be cured and endure what cannot be mended."—Sho-Me-Lad.

AN OPEN LETTER TO WOMEN

Mrs. Little Tells How She Suffered and How Finally Cured

Philadelphia, Pa.—"I was not able to do my housework and had to lie down most of the time and felt bad in my left side. My monthly periods were irregular, sometimes five or seven months apart and when they did appear would last for two weeks and were very painful. I was sick for about a year and a half and doctored but without any improvement. A neighbor recommended Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to me, and the second day after I started taking it I began to feel better and I kept on taking it for seven months. Now I keep house and perform all my household duties. You can use these facts as you please and I will recommend Vegetable Compound to everyone who suffers as I did."—Mrs. J. S. LITTLE, 3455 Livingston St., Philadelphia, Pa.

How much harder the daily tasks of a woman become when she suffers from such distressing symptoms and weakness as did Mrs. Little. Such troubles may be speedily overcome by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.



RURAL WELFARE

EDITED BY A. P. SANDLES

WEST VIRGINIA TALKS— Farmers Meet and Resolute

Farmers of Putnam county, West Virginia, read The Blade. They say they like Rural Welfare page because it takes the farmer and taxpayer side of public matters.

At a recent meeting they went on record as opposed to having so many state and county officers. They demanded economy in every public office. They demand a square deal in taxation and want the rich man measured by the same yard stick as the rich property owner.

They want all deputy tax assessors fired and each property owner to make his or her own return, under oath, to the county seat, the same as is done in Ohio. Reform in registration laws. Eliminate board of equalization and review. Favor initiative and referendum and recall of bad state and county officials.

Favor firing county health officer and save $3500 in each county each year and spend this money in some other way to promote and protect health. Favor present primary law. Do away with deputy sheriffs and let each taxpayer pay taxes to sheriff direct and to collectors.

Pay county engineer for only actual time he works. Favor adopting school text books for 15 years. Erect monument at county seat in honor of our dead soldiers, but not create any extra jobs for some political pet. Favor reforms that will lighten tax burdens when crop prices are going down. Condemn county officers who ask for extra deputies. Favor candidate at election who will pledge themselves to those resolutions.

Rural Welfare does not know whether all these things are wise or not. We do not know all the conditions. We do know that it is a good sign when farmers and taxpayers get together and discuss the welfare of their county and state.

Too often farmers will vote on election day for their party, rather than vote for resolutions which they have hepled to pass. The farmer is pretty much of a sucker. He swallows the bait that the smooth political boss gives him in sugar coated form.

The Blade has a big army of readers in West Virginia. Each reader ought to get a dozen new readers. If you read The Blade you know what is going on in the world.

When farmers get together they should go slow and be sure they are right. Sometimes they make themselves ridiculous by being too selfish and thinking they are the only folks to be considered in running the world and the state and county. But get together and talk it over. Do your own thinking. Hit the fellows who are responsible for roads which cost a fortune to build a mile.

POSTAGE STAMP VALUE— Farmers Stingy and Slow

A postage stamp would get the farmers of this country anything they ought to have within reason. Some farmers will not average writing one letter a year.

Too many farmers are too cussed slow and stingy to write a letter that might do them and their neighbors a lot of good. In the first place they do not provide themselves with proper letter paper. Some of them do not even provide themselves with a writing desk and good pen and ink in their homes to enable them to write a letter.

Some of them will not keep on hand a bottle of good ink. They do not always have a good lead pencil. This kind of stinginess is real and pure extravagance. They lose more than they gain. They do not keep on hand a few postage stamps. They may think they can not write as good as a teacher of penmanship. They do not even give their boy or girl the chance to write a letter for them.

Many farmers are cowards and afraid to write to a governor, senator or congressman. This is nonsense. Why be afraid of anybody if you are honest and have good intentions? These so called big officials are made out of the same kind of mud as the rest of us. On election day our vote counts as much as the big fellow.

If the farmer would keep his hair cut and his whiskers trimmed and have a little more confidence in himself and a little more respect for himself and his farm he would fare a lot better than he does. There is no law against a farmer being a full fledged citizen.

A postage stamp has power. It can do a lot of things. Not one person in ten has ever thought or discovered how many chores a postage stamp will do for us if we stick it in the right place. It will stand politicians and bosses on their heads. It will have its part and influence in making laws. It will help to protect markets and to get the best price for your products. It will keep you in touch with your friends. It will let the party leaders know what common folks want and what they are thinking about.

Take 10 minutes, some rainy day, and see how many things you can think of that a postage stamp can do, if you yourself are wide awake and will stick it in the right place and tell it to get busy. Do it now.

A SALES TAX— Will Get the Ax

The war profiteers are at the mourner's bench praying for a sales tax. The fiddler must be paid. War costs millions. Tax must be taken to pay our debt. The big fellows are not satisfied with their big profits made during the war. They want excess profit tax law repealed. They want the tax on incomes reduced. This will reduce their taxes they now pay to the government.

When we give relief to the war profiteer, we must give the load and the burden to somebody else. Who shall it be? The rich fellows want the por devils to both fight and pay for wars. They want those to pay for the war and be taxed although the poor devils did not get rich during the war.

A sales tax is proposed. When you buy anything, you must pay a war tax even larger in peace time than you did any time during the war. The shrewd politician taxes the people. He does in such way that they do not see it. What the dear people do not know will not hurt them.

When the war tax is in effect there will be sulphur and brimstone odor and streaks of profanity in every nook and corner of the nation. A sales tax can be seen. No magnifying glass will be needed. It will be a bold, bald-headed, daylight holdup.

When you buy a railroad ticket, ice cream or soda water, you now pay war sales tax. If the proposed new sales tax should be enacted, this tax will apply to practically everything we buy. There are more poor devils than there are rich angels. The sales tax will be a trick to let poor folks pay for cost of war and war graft and grabbing.

Better let your congressman and senators know what you think of this matter, before they make up their minds on this subject and before they promise the rich man's lobbyists to vote for a sales tax. Do it now. Ask your local newspaper to hit this sales tax menace. It is being pushed day and night by the smooth and smart fellows. President Harding is reported as being against it. Give him your support. Will you forget to act in this matter?

The farmer pays enough for his farm machinery now, without being compelled to pay a sales tax. He pays enough for gasoline now. He is not anxious to pay more for binder twine than he now pays. Those who want this tax were using all sorts of political pull to keep their sons out of the trenches, or get them a soft snap safety job or have them exempted altogether.

Roosevelt is dead. He said you had a right to be on your own side. If you are for a sales tax, tell your congressman. If you are against it, tell him twice.

$295.00 Now. A Real 32-VOLT Electric Light and Power Plant

See the Matthews Automatic at price of the cheaper plants. Six sizes, all at reduced prices. Made in Ohio. Write for particulars. Salesmen's anddealer's best opportunity

The Matthews Engineering Co. "Davis" Street Sandusky, Ohio

DO YOU KNOW THE ANSWER?

What breed shall I keep? What sort of a house for 50 hens? Does cross-breeding pay? Why do embryos die on the 18th day? hat feed for baby chicks? for growing chicks? for laying hens? for fattening? What's the cure for roup? for diarrhea? for aspergillosis? for gapes. These and a hundred other questions are answered in "Chicken Money," a 60-page illustrated booklet by Homer W. Jackson, Poultry Editor of The National Stockman and Farmer. It covers the poultry business from the egg to the oven and will show you how to plug up the leaks where the profits run out. To clean out our shelves we are making a special offer at the reduced price of 25 cents while they last—first come first served. Send the quarter in coin or stamps to THE STOCKMAN-FARMER PUBLISHING CO., PITTSBURGH, PA., and find the answer to these perplexing questions.

LOW FREIGHT RATES— Agricultural Limestone

Rural Welfare editor was invited to attend a conference at which ways and means to get lower freight rates on agricultural limestone were discussed.

At this meeting were representatives of the American Farm bureau, state farm bureau, grange, state university and manufacturers of agricultural limestone. The meeting was called by the state farm bureau.

Organized agriculture has discovered that one of the great needs of most tillable land is a soil corrective. Soils become sour and acid. Such fields must have a remedy for sour soil. Pulverized limestone is the cheapest and surest cure.

Statement at this meeting was made that the farmers of Illinois were asking for a freight on agstone as follows: On a one-line haul, up to 50 miles, 37 cents per ton; two line haul, 47 cents per ton; three line haul, 57 cents per ton. This rate has not been granted, but the Illinois farmers are hoping that it will be.

Agreement was reached to prepare data and first ask for a conference with railroad officials and make an appeal to them to put freight rates on agstone back to where it was before the 40 per cent increase and the 20 cents per ton increases were put on.

If this request was granted it would mean that where a farmer is now paying 98 cents per ton freight, he would only pay 50 cents per ton. If the railway officials will not grant a decreased rate, this state will take its case to the state commission and ask for an order from it to reduce agstone rates. Virginia is fighting for a reduction.

This is useful work for farm bureau, grange and other farm organizations to be engaged in. Railroads are stubborn. They do not look kindly upon any rate reduction, yet railroads complain about having so many idle cars. President Harding keeps pounding away in his efforts to get freight rates lowered. Unless some relief is granted, he may go to congress with a special message upon this subject.

The interstate commerce commission will grant no reductions unless the railroads want to reduce rates. President Harding has said publicly that rates are excessive and must come down. If excessive high wages and high freight rates are hindrance to the welfare of the country, our congress should apply some speedy remedy. If the retail hog and the rent hog are holding up the laboring man and robbing him, congress ought to provide a firing squad to be on the job at sunrise. Lower freight rates will go as far to help the country and business to revive as any other one thing. Encourage Harding in his fight for lower rates.

KEEP OFF THE GRASS— General Coxey Still Lives

How many Blade readers remember the famous march of General Jacob S. Coxey and his army of hoboes to Washington, D. C., in 1894? This was 27 years ago. General Coxey is reported to be fairly rich. He has been and is yet a successful business man. Good roads are his hobby.

When his fantastic army reached Washington to make its appeal for good roads, they found notice posted on all sides to "Keep off the grass." This sign helped to make Coxey famous. Some of his army thought they owned the grass, being citizens of the United States. Some of them got arrested and into jail because they did not see or heed the sign.

General Coxey is a genial fellow. He is well along in years. He is still fighting for good roads. He has a plan now pending in congress to get money at once to build roads and not pay interest on the money.

He proposes to borrow the money of Uncle Sam. As security he would issue bonds without interest, these bonds to be paid at the rate of four per cent each year for 25 years. He would turn these bonds over to the government and let Uncle Sam issue certificates on these bonds and these certificates to be legal tender on the United States treasury.

For this finance plan he has battled for nearly 30 years. As a matter of course those who make money out of bond issues and interest thereon are opposed to the Coxey scheme. He claims to have the support of some of the best legal counsel in the country.

We do not know whether this plan is practical. We suspect it might inflate our currency and throw our money system into confusion. Rural Welfare is not an expert in deep financial problems. It keeps us busy financing food, clothing, education and entertainment for a big family.

A few days ago, June 1, 1921, we met General Coxey in a Washington hotel. We have known him for many years. His home is in Massillon, O. He spends much of his time in the national capital fighting for good roads at least cost to the people.

We told the general we were in Washington to try to persuade the railroads to reduce freight rates. He said good roads would be the biggest club to use to educate the railroads to the fact that they must make fair rates for rail haulage and not try to sandbag and rob the people by making excessive rates.

We introduced the general to a number of men from different states. They regarded the general as more or less a great curiosity. They looked him over as carefully as they would an odd exhibit at a county fair. He had a ready answer for all questions fired at him. He insists that more attention must be given to rural affairs by the big brains of the country. He thinks too much attention and money have been given to the upbuilding of the city. He wants good roads for every farm that needs a market for its crops. He wants farm markets protected so that the farmer is reasonably assured decent wages for his toil. He has at least one foot on a safe corner stone.

NOW IS THE TIME— Push the Farm Game

"The farmer has been deflated. He is not only back to normal, but below normal." It is safer to go into the farming game on a big scale now than it was when the world was at war and having its joy ride. Food production will always be one of the safest games to play in the long run. The world will always have an appetite and be willing to pay a good price to fill its belly. Farmers are organized and are doing things that will make markets safer in the future than they have been in the past."

This is the way Rural Welfare editor heard a 200-acre farmer talking about present conditions of the country. It is good gospel for a lot of farmers to get into their heads. The rainy day comes. The sun does not shine 365 days every year. The farmer must have some shadows same as other folks. They at least have a job. A lot of folks do not have.

HIT TOWNSEND BILL— Farm Bureau Is Busy

"Why build joy ride roads and boulevards for the idle rich while the meal ticket grower lives all his life at the far end of a mud road?"

This is the question that Gray Silver has put up to Senators and Congressmen at Washington. He is fighting the Townsend bill to create a long distance and costly highway commission to rest in Washington. The road hogs are trying to get it through. It is in no way in the interest of farm or farmer. It will cost the public purse a few billion dollars.

Gray Silver is the big stick at Washington for the American Farm Bureau. He fits the job. Keen and brave. The lobbyists can neither bluff nor mislead him. On this job Silver is as good as gold.

Blade readers should write Silver and tell him to keep up the fight. Such letters will encourage him. No matter whether you belong to a farm bureau or not. Write him. Do it now. Help him to hit the road hog who is trying to rob the treasury and get your money. You ought also to write your senators and congressman. Do it now. Looks like the bill is about dead. The folks back home have discovered what it means. Write a letter or send a post card. Get a good road for yourself first, before you give the idle rich a high cost boulevard road. Are you on your own side.

TEN ACRES OF CORN— One Hundred Bushel Game

One county agent advises Rural Welfare editor that sixteen farmers in his county have entered the ten-acre corn contest for this season.

His County Farm bureau has set aside $200 for cash prizes in this contest which is for the grown-ups. There will also be cash prizes for those who win the highest honors in the state.

What would happen if every farmer had his farm in good condition and felt he could enter a contest to grow 100 bushels of corn to the acre? How many boys would leave such farms in their early teens?

What is your guess on the number of farmers who will stay in this contest to the finish? Will half of the 16 reach the 100 bushels-per-acre mark? Hats off to the 16 who had the courage to go in to win.

SWEET CLOVER— Gains Many Friends

"Take down that flag and run a sweet clover flag. That's the style now. Get in line and keep with folks who know how to farm."

This is the remark a county agent made to Rural Welfare editor. We had a pair of red clover blossoms in our lapel buttonhole, which is a habit we have when red clover is in bloom. We believe that clover is one of the great blessings to farm and farmer. We never spend a minute looking for four-leaf clover. Just so it is clover.

How many agree with the county agent. We have no quarrel with him. Sweet clover is a newcomer on many farms. Some folks have known its virtues for a long time. It is winning its way. It is a soil renewer.

There are two varieties of sweet clover, the annual and the bi-ennial. Prof. C. G. Williams, director of Wooster, Ohio, experiment station says he is unable to tell which of the two is best for the farm. He expects to be able to decide this matter definitely after a few years careful testing. But give the old farm clover all over. Do it now.

OHIO SCHOOL LAWS— Big Changes Made

At its last session, the Ohio legislature enacted new laws affecting the schools of Ohio. Heretofore the county board of education has been elected in a loose way that did not make it accountable to the folks who paid the bills.

Hereafter the county board members will be elected by the whole county. The people will have a chance. Those on county boards as a rule have made good. They were not responsible for the crazy-quilt way of electing board members. In one county a peanut superintendent with immoral habits refused to let taxpayers see the public records of what the county board had done as a board.

Taxpayers were compelled to bring suit asking for an order from court to see the school board records. The case was tried before a judge who has been indicted and has a grand jury record. He decided that it was none of the public's business what the school board did and tried to punish the prosecuting attorney for taking the side of the taxpayers. The school board made no effort or order to let the folks see the records. Such performance is evidence of graft and dishonesty. The Ohio legislature's new law will avoid such things in the future.

TEN ACRE CORN PATCH— One Hundred Bushels

In many states there will be ten-acre corn growing contests. Hundreds of farmers will try to get in the 100-bushel-per-acre-class. To do this will mean good soil, good seed and right cultivation.

Good drainage, clover and alfalfa will have a lot to say about this contest and who will win the honors. This kind of a contest makes farmers put their head in the game. They take time to investigate good seed varities. They know that if they are to beat the other fellow they must use brain as well as muscle and manure.

Does any good farmer have good reason for not going into a contest of this kind? Is he afraid of his neighbor? Does he admit that his next door farmer can farm better than he can? Would not the boy and girl who live on the farm be proud of the fact that their father had won a front rank place?

Do not get mad at your neighbor if he goes in and wins honors while you are afraid to fight a ten-acre corn patch battle. Have you the courage to shake hands with the man or boy who won last year in this 100-bushel-acre war.

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Size	Price	Size
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30x3½	7.95	33x4
32x3½	8.75	34x4
31x4	9.95	32x4
		34x4
		35x4
		36x4
		35x5
		37x5

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NEW ERA TIRE COMPANY
309 N. Avers Ave., Dept. 3910 Chicago

FARMS TO USE WAR EXPLOSIVE

U. S. Will Distribute Supply of T. N. T. at Low Price to Farmers.

More than 12,000,000 pounds of picric acid, one of highest known explosives, accumulated for war purposes and made useless to the war department by the armistice, will be distributed to farmers for agricultural purposes.

When the war ended the army had on hand this immense stock of picric acid and in addition more than 26,000,000 pounds of T. N. T. The latter was distributed to various governmental agencies for use in railroad construction in Alaska, public roads in the national parks and various projects on Indian reservations. None of the T,. N. T. was distributed to individuals and thus far not a single accident has marked the use or transportation of the millions of pounds of the high explosive, officials of the bureau of mines say.

The question of what to do with the 12,000,000 ponds of picric acid puzzled government officers for some time and the war department had almost dicided to tow the explosive out to sea and dump it overboard in the interests of the public safety when it was decided to institute a series of experiments in an effort to find some safe commercial use for it. The experiments were conducted by the bureau of mines and disclosed many ways in which picric acid could be used safely and profitably on farms, such as in blasting out stumps and rocks and breaking up land. It was accordingly decided to distribute the explosive, practically free of charge to farmers.

Picric acid, a highly crystalling powder having a lemon yellow color is 18 per cent. stronger than 40 per cent. straight nitro-glycerine dynamite, the Bureau of Mines reports. It should never be used in bulk, officials say, and its use should be restricted to re-dipped paraffined paper cartridges.

The 12,000,000 surplus stock, located at Sporta, Wis., and Wingate, N. M., will be distributed to farmers through the bureau of public roads of the department of agriculture. The only cost to the farmer, it is announced, will be freight charges and a charge of six cents a pound for placing the powder in the necessary cartridges. It will be ready for distribution about July 1.

Find New Orange Tree Which Bears Fruit Continuously

An everbearing orange tree which citrus fruit growers believe is destined to revolutionize the orange industry of Florida, if not the entire country, has been discovered by horticulturists in a small grove at Avon park, near Tampa, and to protect the specimen its purchasers have placed around it a heavy wire fence 20 feet in height and stationed guards day and night.

The tree has been in bearing continuously eight years but until recently its existence was known only to the owner and several neighbors who, say citrus experts, did not realize its value but regarded it merely as a freak of nature. Several of South Florida's largest citrus growers have organized a syndicate, purchased the tree, leased the ground upon which it stands and already are taking steps to develop its possibilities by propagating it through budwood, with the expectation of having 250,000 trees ready for setting out in groves by 1923.

The ever-bearing tree is about 15 years old but its origin is a mystery. Like the famous Temple orange tree discovered some years ago on the estate of the late W. C. Temple, one time National League baseball magnate, the new specimen stands alone as the first of an entirely new branch of the citrus family and its owners believe it will bring forth stock true to the parent tree and, as in the case of the Temple tree, be worth millions to the men who had the foresight to grasp its possibilities.

Apparently authentic records show that for eight years the tree has bloomed and borne fruit continuously and that at no time during that period has it failed to have blossoms and fruit at all stages of maturity. In outward appearance the fruit is a Valencia except that it is slightly more oblong than that variety. The most in texture and flavor is that of a perfect Valencia, the variety that brings the top price in the markets.

The ever-bearing Florida lemon has been common for many years but citrus experts declare they never before have known of an ever-bearing orange.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

IT'S A CASE OF LOVE ME, LOVE MY DOG

Warren Selected as Ambassador to Japan by Harding

Appointment of Charles B. Warren of Detroit to be American ambassador to Japan frees President Harding of the most puzzling matter that has yet engaged his attention. The post is regarded as the most important of all of the ambassadorial positions and on account of the delicate character of the negotiations which are going on between this country and Japan the President has been anxious to get an American for the post whose qualifications are of the highest character.

Mr. Warren is well known in Washington. During the last campaign he played an important part in the Harding campaign. At the Chicago convention he was largely instrumental in Harding's nomination and was the first person to burst into Harding's hotel room and notify him that he had been nominated. During the war Mr. Warren served on the staff of the judge advocate general as a lieutenant-colonel. He assisted largely in drawing up the selective service law and in administering the draft act in connection with General Crowder and was awarded the D. S. M. for his service.

Mr. Warren has had a brilliant career as a lawyer and business man. He acted as associate counsel for the United States before the joint commission to determine Behring sea claims in 1896. He also served as counsel for the United States in the North Atlantic coast fisheries arbitration with Great Britain before the Hague tribunal in 1912.

Japan Fears War With America and Builds Battleships

The London Daily Express recently printed the following cablegram from its Tokio correspondent:

"Maritime insurance companies have been asked for and are getting rates to cover the risk of war between Japan and the United States within the next 12 months. This concrete expression of fear is haunting every port on the Pacific from the shores of America to the Persian gulf. The naval programs of both countries are interpreted as evidence that they are preparing for war. Japan has begun building 16 'post-Jutland' ships in answer to the 18 on the American program.

"The navy department has ordered a division of dreadnaughts and destroyers added to the Pacific fleet. There is an anology to pre-war preparations in the North sea in the armaments race of Japan and America. I have discussed the matter with many prominent Japanese, getting the impression that the time is now ripe to lay all cards upon the table. What is needed is a show down. It should not be difficult to remove the fears of Japan. Japan's dread of war is real enough to induce her to enter into a long time agreement. The fear of war would disappear if both countries state frankly their aims toward China."

The foregoing dispatch was dated May 28. It is presumed that the extraordinary delay in transmission was caused by the Japanese censor.

Exports $221,000,000

Exports during 1920 of the 48 trade associations operating under the Webb export trade law amounted to $221,000,000, reports filed with the federal trade commission show.

RUSSIAN RIVER STEAMER EXPLODES; MANY KILLED

Most of the passengers and crew of the Red Prougher, one of the largest steamers plying the Volga river, in Russia, perished recently, following an explosion on board. The steamer was destroyed by fire.

Among the dead were the archbishop of Nizhni-Novgorod and several professors from the University of Kazan.

The Bolsheviki and the Mensheviki are charging each other with responsibility for the explosion.

GUARD BRITISH KING AT OPENING OF IRISH PARLIAMENT IN BELFAST

Belfast was an armed camp when King George and Queen Mary arrived last week to participate in the state opening of the new northern Ireland (Ulster) parliament. It was the first time in 19 years that King George had visited Belfast.

The royal yacht Victoria and Albert, escorted by a squadron of warships came into the harbor in the gray dawn and immediately dropped anchor. The royal yacht was surrounded by a cordon of men of war while others patrolled the bay and the waters outside.

The British flags fluttered from windows, roof tops and roof poles. The houses were festooned with bunting. The pictures of the king and queen were everywhere.

Never in the history of Ireland had such precautions been taken for the protection of royal guests. The city and the suburbs were crammed with soldiers. The streets were literally filled with policemen and secret service agents were on every hand.

Every yard of the route from the pier to city hall (a part of which had been set aside temporarily as the meeting place of parliament) was guarded by soldiers who stood almost shoulder to shoulder. There were more than 10,000 troops on the field and it was believed that the police agents and secret service men imported for the occasion totaled almost as many.

The arrival of the king and queen was heralded by the thunder of guns from the warships in the harbor.

The Victoria and Albert had made the trip across the Irish sea from Holyhead without incident and in perfect safety.

When the king and queen came ashore the royal salute went up from the cruisers and destroyers and the guns in the land batteries defending the harbor.

After the ceremonies on shipboard during which there was handshaking and a brief exchange of formalities, tenders were put out with the royal flag and a cheer went up from the loyal citizens gathered at the water front.

Throughout the early hours, while the ceremonies were in progress on the deck of the royal yacht, the police and detectives had been busy rounding up suspected Sinn Feiners and completing the precautions for the safety of the royal couple. Everyone suspected of republican sympathies was excluded from the streets through which the royal procession passed. The houses along the way were filled with policemen and soldiers. Picked troops occupied every strategic point. Even the roofs were patrolled. Every possible measure of safety was adopted to prevent any attempt to assassinate the sovereign.

The trip from the pier to the city hall was made in a state coach drawn by white horses. The king and queen glanced about them as they rode along, as though they felt a great curiosity at being in Ireland, the land which has been Britain's chief seat of trouble and turbulence for so long. The people of Belfast, most of whom are loyalists and anti-home rulers, cheered and waved flags and hats and handkerchiefs and George and Mary bowed and smiled in answer to these greetings.

The authorities breathed a sigh of relief when the city hall was reached without incident. There had been a feeling of keen nervous tension. All of the Unionist members of parliament were in their places but all of the Sinn Feiners were absent. As the king and queen took their places there was a burst of applause. Immediately afterward the clerk began to call the roll. There was a ripple of laughter when the names of Eammon de Valera and Michael Collins were called. De Valera is "president of the Irish Republic" and Collins was formerly known as the commander-in-chief of the Irish republican army. The whereabouts of both are unknown although they were elected to parliament in Sinn Fein districts.

King Alfonso of Spain, who reigns over one of the greatest wine-growing countries in the world, has always been a total abstainer.

Free

Enough for 20 uses—for a 10-day test. That will show the delightful results. Send the coupon.

Not Beauty Only

These whiter teeth mean safer teeth as well

No doubt the great reason why millions use Pepsodent is to get prettier teeth. It removes the dingy film.

But science has more important objects. Pepsodent brings five effects, and all of them mean better tooth protection.

The ruinous film

Film is that viscous coat you feel. It clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays. Old methods of brushing do not effectively combat it. So it often lingers long.

Film absorbs stains, making the teeth look cloudy. Countless teeth are thus made dingy.

Film is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Also of other serious troubles. Most of the tooth and gum attacks are now traced to that film.

Must combat it daily

After diligent research science has found two ways to combat that film. Many careful tests have proved them. Now leading dentists everywhere advise their daily use.

Both are embodied in a modern tooth paste—Pepsodent. Every use attacks the film in two effective ways. It also brings three other results which have proved essential.

Fights starch and acid

Pepsodent does what fruit acids do. It multiplies the salivary flow. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva, to digest starch deposits that cling. It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva, to neutralize the acids which cause tooth decay.

Those are Nature's great tooth-protecting agents. Every use of Pepsodent multiplies their powers.

Effects are apparent

Millions now know the delightful effects. Anyone who will can quickly see and feel them.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear. Then read the reasons in the book we send.

A week may bring a life-long change in your teeth cleaning methods. Cut out the coupon now.

Pepsodent PAT. OFF. REG. U. S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant, combined with two other modern requisites. Now advised for daily use by leading dentists everywhere. Supplied by druggists in large tubes.

642

10-Day Tube Free

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY
Dept. 739 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Mail 10-day tube of Pepsodent to

ONLY ONE TUBE TO A FAMILY

TWO FLEETS REORGANIZED

Secretary Denby Orders Warships of Atlantic and Pacific Squadrons Exchanged.

The battleships Arizona, Nevada and Oklahoma have been ordered transferred from the Atlantic to the Pacific fleet by Secretary Denby. The battleship Maryland, now under construction, will be sent to the Pacific fleet when completed.

By the same order, the battleships New York, Texas, Wyoming and Arkansas are transferred from the Pacific to the Atlantic fleet.

The Pacific fleet is to be made stronger than the Atlantic fleet by the assignment to the Pacific of all the newer and more powerful oil burning first line battleships and the assignment to the Atlantic of the older coal burning ships.

The total tonnage of the Atlantic fleet as reorganized will be 679,473, exclusive of submarines, and that of the Pacific fleet 835,296.

Nine First Line Ships Eventually.

There will be seven (eventually nine) first line and six second line battleships in the Pacific fleet, compared with 11 battleships of all classes in the Japanese navy. The Japanese have in addition four battle cruisers and are building eight, while America has none and is building six. The tonnage of the Japanese navy is 540,426.

Secretary Denby declined to state the reasons for continuing the Daniels policy or to discuss the matter further than outlining the reorganization plans. The decision to maintain the navy in a divided state was made by the President, it transpires, after consulting with Mr. Denby, Secretary of State Hughes and other members of the cabinet.

Composition of the Fleets.

The composition of the two fleets as reorganized will be:

Pacific Fleet.

Battleships (first line)	Guns	Tonnage
California (building)	12 14-in.	32,300
New Mexico (1918)	12 14-in.	32,000
Idaho (building)	12 14-in.	32,000
Tennessee (1920)	12 14-in.	32,300
Mississippi (1917)	12 14-in.	32,000
Maryland (building)	8 16-in.	32,600
Arizona (1916)	12 14-in.	31,400
Oklahoma (1916)	10 14-in.	27,500
Nevada (1916)	10 14-in.	27,500
Total		279,600
6 second line battleships		90,740
7 cruisers		38,950
108 destroyers (including 54 in reserve division)		129,191
14 submarines (tonnage not given).		
12 mine sweepers		11,400
3 supply ships		32,075
10 fuel ships		153,740
Miscellaneous ships		99,600
Grand total		835,296

Atlantic Fleet.

Pennsylvania (1916)	12 14-in.	31,400
Wyoming (1912)	12 12-in.	26,000
New York (1914)	10 14-in.	27,000
Texas (1914)	10 14-in.	27,000
Arkansas (1912)	12 12-in.	26,000
Florida (1911)	10 12-in.	21,825
North Dakota (1910)	10 12-in.	20,000
Delaware (1910)	10 12-in.	20,000
Total		199,225
7 second line battleships		112,000
4 cruisers		32,930
86 destroyers (including 53 in. reserve division)		123,184
16 submarines (assigned but not yet completed).		
12 mine sweepers		11,400
8 fuel ships		96,910
Miscellaneous ships		103,824
Grand total		679,473

Churchman Claims Number of Indians in U. S. Increases

The American Indians are not decreasing in numbers, says Dr. Elmer E. Higley of Des Moines, who was recently appointed superintendent of Indian work of the Methodist Episcopal church.

"There are more than one-third of a million Indians in the United States," added Rev. Higley, "and 57 distinct languages are spoken.

"A survey among the Indians has just recently been made by the centenary officials and shows that not only the full blooded Indians are increasing, but also the mixed bloods, with better homes, medical attention, and better care of babies and with the missionaries taking the gospel of soap, sanitation and salvation, the increase of the number of Indians will continue.

"There are 430 Protestant missionaries and 275 Catholic, with 616 church buildings with a membership of 42,000 Protestants and 51,000 Catholics.

"Fully two-thirds of the whole Indian population is yet without gospel privileges whatever, either Protestant or Catholic. The Methodist centenary program plans large enterprises among the red men.

"The progress that has been made in the civilization of the Indians and their present development would have been impossible if it had not been for the missionaries who were the pioneers in laying the foundation for the religious and educational welfare of these people, and it is my hope that we may have the assistance and co-operation of all missionary societies in our endeavor to hasten the time when all of the Indians in the country may become respectable, self-supporting Christian citizens."

Command Fleets

Edward Eberle

Hilary P. Jones

Rear Admiral Eberle has been appointed to be commander in chief of the Pacific fleet with the rank of admiral. He succeeds Admiral Rodman. Vice Admiral Jones will assume the duties of commander in chief of the Atlantic fleet July 1. He will have the same rank as Eberle.

Police of New York Think Reds Seized Missing Ocean Ships

Disappearance at sea of several American ships within the last few months is linked by the New York police with plans, revealed to them in a series of raids on radical headquarters a year and a half ago, for the seizure of these vessels at sea and their diversion to Russian soviet ports.

The police said they were informed "through certain confidential sourses" that officials of the Union of Russian Workers of the United States and Canada, an organization since broken up, had urged its members, many of whom were out of employment, especially those with a knowledge of the sea, to seek employment on American ships, overpower the other members of the crew and direct the vessels to Russia.

The identity of these "confidential sources" was not revealed by the police. All the information which came into their possession, together with an enormous amount of literature and documents seized, they said, was turned over to the department of justice.

So far as is known these plans never were put into execution prior to the raids, but police said they formed the chief subject of discussion at several secret meetings of the Russian organization.

The organization, police declared, was composed largely of Russian anarchists who used the labor union movement as a camouflage. Their headquarters were raided repeatedly by the police during 1919 and 1920 and numerous arrests were made. Eventually the majority of those arrested were deported to Russia.

FAMED BRITISH AIR FIGHTER DIES IN PRACTICE FLIGHT

Flight Lieutenant Proctor, one of the most famous of British air fighters, who won the Victoria Cross in the war, bringing down 60 enemy airplanes and 28 balloons, was killed when his airplane crashed while he was practicing over Salisbury plain. When at an altitude of 2,000 feet he started a loop, but the machine went into a nose dive.

King George Pleads for End of Strife in Ulster Address

"I speak from a full heart," said King George, in his speech formally opening the Ulster parliament at Belfast, "when I pray that my coming to Ireland may prove to be the first step towards an end of strife amongst her people, whatever their race or creed.

"In that hope I appeal to all Irishmen to pause, to stretch out the hand of forbearance and conciliation, to forgive and to forget, and to join in making for the land which they love a new era of peace, contentment and good will.

"It is my earnest desire that in southern Ireland, too, there may ere long take place a parallel to what is now passing in this hall; that there a similar occasion may present itself and a similar ceremony be performed."

AMERICAN QUARTERMASTER'S DEPOT IN GERMANY BURNS

Four large warehouses and the American quartermaster's depot at Bendorf, near Coblenz, Germany, were burned and large supplies of lumber, forage and reserve rations were destroyed. The origin of the fire is unknown.

German fire departments from Coblenz and Bendorf gave every assistance to the 7,000 soldiers called out to help control the flames and to prevent pillaging. The loss is estimated at several hundred thousand dollars.

Canadian Envoy at Washington Would Please Authorities

It has been intimated that administration officials would welcome a revival of the suggestion that more formal diplomatic relations be established between Canada and the United States by appointment of a Canadian diplomatic representative to Washington.

Reciprocal action by the Untied States in appointing a minister or ambassador would require legislation, it was explained, but pending such authorization, a diplomatic commissioner could be sent to Canada.

Explaining Canada's decision to have a minister in Washington, Premier Meighen informed the imperial conference in London that this action was based, first of all, upon the need of a purely Canadian representative in the American capital with a more intimate understanding of Canadian conditions and problems and with a capacity for transacting business with more rapidity than is the case at present. This, he said, had become essential owing to the ever-increasing business relations between the two countries.

Moreover, he said, he believed that in addition to the advantages to be obtained in a business way, the presence of a Canadian representative in Washington would be a step toward fulfilling Canada's mission of acting as a bridge leading to greater friendship and better understanding between the two great branches of the Anglo-Saxon people.

Make Shaving a Pleasure With Cuticura Talcum

After shaving with Cuticura Soap the Cuticura way, Cuticura Talcum is an indispensable adjunct. Antiseptic and prophylactic, it is soothing and refreshing to the most tender skin.

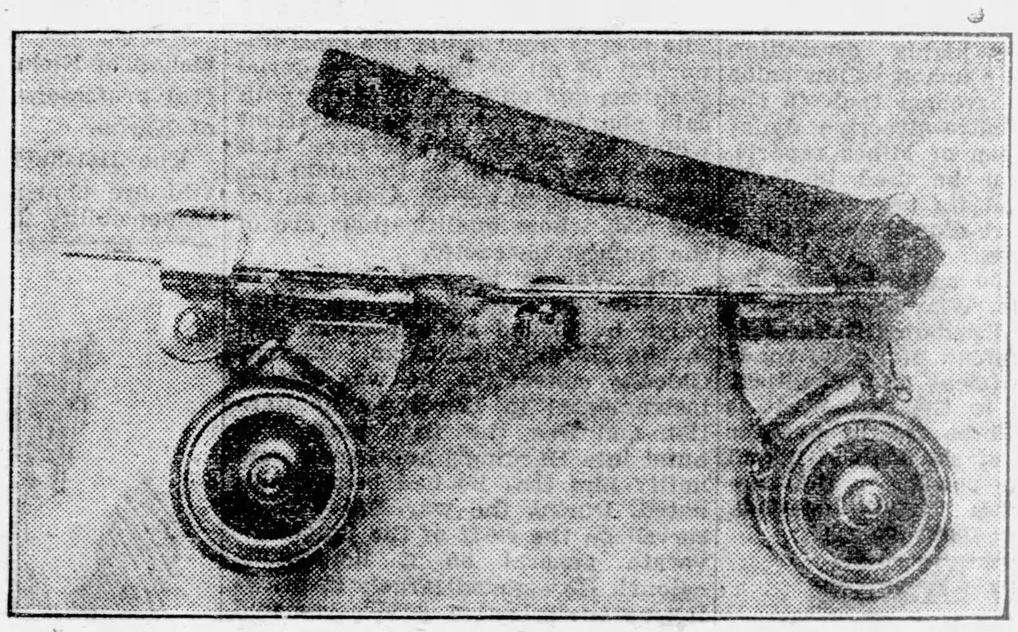
Sample Each Free by Mail. Address: "Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. 28F, Malden, Mass." Sold everywhere. Soap 25c. Ointment 25 and 50c. Talcum 25c.
Cuticura Soap shaves without mug.

REBEL GENERAL CAPTURED BY MEXICAN GOVERNMENT

General Sidronio Mendez, who for some time has been reported to be in revolt against the present Mexican government, was captured at the Palma, state of San Luis Potosi, says a statement issued by the Mexican war office.

General Mendez was mentioned as one of the leaders in the recent plot in the state of Oaxaca, which ended in a fiasco.

For Boys



For Girls

Boys and Girls—

We Want to Give You a Pair of

Real Ball-Bearing Roller Skates

The kind of skates you always hoped Santa Claus could find. So smooth running! Adjustable to any foot! All parts protected! And real, yes, really real ball-bearings. No cost to you—it's a real gift.

These are great skates, you can have a pair.

Do you want 'em? Sure, you do. Get busy today!

Just get six of your neighbors and friends to become Weekly Blade subscribers for one year at 75 cents each. You send the names and full address to us together with a postoffice money order for $4.50, and we will send your skates by return mail.

Tell Them This About The Weekly Blade

America's Greatest Home and Farm Newspaper

The Blade boils down all the essential news of the day and presents it for quick informative reading—a complete survey of the whole world's activity and thought for the week, with wonderful clearness of vision. It serves in place of half a dozen daily newspapers.

It has many departments of especial value to business men, farmers, women, students and children; instruction, religious thought, political guidance, household economy, fashions, serial stories—all are included.

It is a newspaper for the home.

Address Toledo Weekly Blade, Toledo, Ohio

FREE TO THE RUPTURED

Do Away With Steel and Rubber Bands That Chafe and Pinch

10,000 RUPTURE SUFFERERS TO GET FREE TRIAL PLAPAO

Stop Wearing a Uselses Truss

Yes, stop it. You know by your own experience it is only a makeshift, a false prop against a collapsing wall, and that it is undermining your health, because it tends to retard the circulation of the blood. Why, then, continue to wear it?

Do You Realize That Rupture Kills 7,000 Annually?

Seven thousand persons each year are laid away—the burial certificate being marked "Rupture." Why? Because the unfortunate ones had neglected themselves or had been merely taking care of the sign (swelling) of the affliction and paying no attention to the cause. What are you doing? Are you neglecting yourself by wearing a truss, appliance or whatever name you choose to call it? At best, the truss cannot be expected to act as more than a mere mechanical support. The binding pressure retards blood circulation, thus robbing the weakened muscles of that which they need most—nourishment.

The Plapao-Pads Are Different

STUART'S PLAPOA-PADS are entirely different from the device called the truss in the following respects:

First—The primary and **most important** object of the **PLAPAO-PAD** is to keep constantly **applied** to the relaxed muscles the medication called **Plapao**, which is **contractive** in nature, and taken **together** with the ingredients in the medicated mass, is intended to **increase** the circulation of the blood, thus **revivifying** the muscles and restoring them to their **normal strength** and elasticity. Then, and not **until then**, can you expect the rupture to disappear.

Second—Being made self-adhesive **purposely** to prevent the **pad** from **shifting**, they have therefore proven to be an **important** adjunct in retaining rupture that cannot be held by a truss. There is no metal about the **PLAPAO-PADS—no** straps, buckles or springs attached. No "digging in" or grinding pressure. They are soft as **velvet—Flexible—Easy to apply**—Inexpensive. Continuous day and night treatment at home. No delay from work.

Corrigan, Texas,
Box No. 22,
June 21, 1919.

Plapao Laboratories, Inc.,
St. Louis, Mo.

Dear Sirs:—

This is my testimonial regarding how I was cured by using the PLAPAO-PADS.

I was ruptured all my life, from statement of parents, on the right side. I used the truss, tried two pads of different styles, but did not hold my rupture. I consulted my home doctor, and he said an operation was the only cure, but I decided to order a series of PLAPAO-PADS which I began to wear in May, 1916. After using two PLAPAO-PADS, was not bothered any more, but I used the full set, ending in July. This is June, 1919, and I am well, and have not been bothered with my rupture since I took off the PLAPAO-PADS in July, 1916.

I used the PLAPAO-PADS according to the directions sent, and received great results. I am sending the name of my friend, who I want you to send full particulars.

You have my permission to use this letter in any way you see fit. I am,

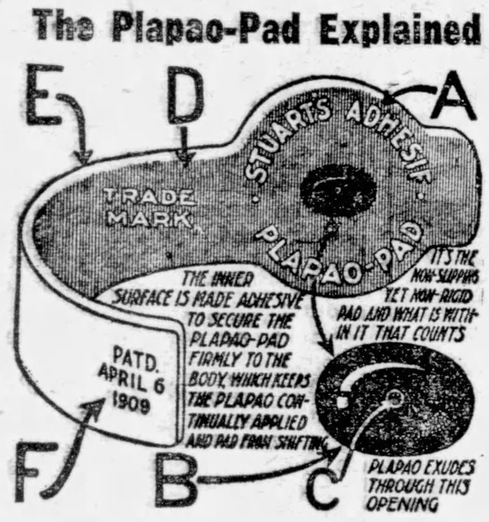
Yours very truly,
(Signed) JOS. E. MEADOW.

State of TEXAS,
County of POLK, ss.

This is to certify that Mr. Jos. E. Meadow personally appeared before me on this 24th day of June in the year of our Lord, nineteen hundred and nineteen and declares under oath that the tsatements made in the above letter are true in every respect and that he executed the same as his free act and deed.

(Signed) S. M. JONES,
Notary Public

The Plapao-Pad Explained


E
D
A
STUART'S ADHESIVE
TRADE MARK
PLAPAO-PAD
IT'S THE NON-SLIPPING YET NON-RIGID PAD AND WHAT IS WITHIN IT THAT COUNTS
THE INNER SURFACE IS MADE ADHESIVE TO SECURE THE PLAPAO-PAD FIRMLY TO THE BODY, WHICH KEEPS THE PLAPAO CONTINUALLY APPLIED AND PAD FROM SHIFTING
PATD. APRIL 6 1909
F
B
C
PLAPAO EXUDES THROUGH THIS OPENING

The principle upon which the **PLAPAO-PAD** works can be easily figured out by noting the illustration above, and reading the following explanation:

The **PLAPAO-PAD** is made of strong, flexible material "E" which is designed to conform to the movements of the body, and be perfectly comfortable to wear. The inside surface "D" is adhesive similar to an adhesive plaster, to prevent the pad from shifting and getting out of place.

"A" is the enlarged end of the **PLAPAO-PAD**, which overlies the atrophied and weakened muscles to keep them from giving away further. "B" is the Pad, to be applied in such a way that it blocks up the hernial orifice, and tends to prevent the contents of the abdomen from protruding. Within the Pad is a reservoir, in which is placed a wonderful absorbent, astringent medication. When warmed by the heat of the body it becomes soluble and escapes through the small opening marked "C" and is absorbed through the pores of the skin to strengthen the weakened muscles and effect a closure of the openings. "F" is the long end of the **PLAPAO-PAD**, which is to be plastered over the hipbone to give solidity.

Brings About These Benefits

When the **PLAPAO-PAD** is successfully applied these wonderful benefits quickly follow:

—The ruptured parts are sustained and held together.
—The weak muscles recover their elasticity and strength.
—The unsightly, painful and dangerous protrusions disappear.
—That horrible "dragging down" sensation is banished, never to return.
—You recover the vigor, vitality, energy and strength you have lost.
—You look better, you feel better, and you are better in every way. Everyone remarks upon your improved appearance. And relieved from the pain and discomfort of the rupture, and the dread of the consequences, your spirits rise, your health improves, you once more are able to enjoy life without fear of trouble.

Common Sense Way

Weakened muscular tissue—that's the real cause of rupture, and the logical common sense thing to do is to restore the **lost elasticity**, tone and **contractile strength** to the weakened muscles. Close the hernial opening as nature intended so the rupture **CAN'T** come down.

Another striking feature of the **PLAPAO-PAD** treatment is the comparatively short time it takes to get results. This is because the action is continuous—night and day, throughout the whole of the 24 hours.

Upon Their Oath

Hundreds of people, old and young, have gone before officers qualified to acknowledge oaths, and swore that the **PLAPAO-PADS cured their ruptures**—some of them most aggravated cases and of long standing.

Read the affidavits shown here. They have been taken at random from the large number we have on file. What more convincing proof could you desire?

Grand Rapids, Mich,
143 Sutton St.,
March 15, 1920.

Plapao Laboratories, Inc.,
St. Louis, Mo.

Gentlemen:

For a period of eighteen years I was afflicted with hernia and unable to be on my feet at all except with the support of a good truss. Some three and one-half or four years ago I ordered a set of three of your Plapao-Pads and wore them as per instructions though frankly speaking, I had no faith in them at the time, having tried so many different things without success, however, they did the work claimed for them and gave me a new lease on life, and can cheerfully say that I have had no further use for my truss, though I do many things I could not, or was afraid to do before even with the aid of my truss.

This may be a little unusual for a person to wait three years before acknowledging a cure, if so, then it makes the case much stronger and the cure positive.

I have taken much pleasure in referring several afflicted ones to you and hope to continue passing the good word along.

You have the privilege of using this letter of testimony.

Yours truly,
(Signed) E. C. HORTON.

State of MICHIGAN,
County of Kent, ss.

This is to certify that Mr. E. C. Horton personally appeared before me on this 17th day of April in the year of our Lord, nineteen hundred and twenty and declares under oath that the statements made in the above letter are true in every respect and that he executed the same as his free act and deed.

(Signed) BENJ. G. PORTER, Jr.,
Notary Public.

My commission expires Aug. 18, 1923.

Verona, New York,
July 2d, 1920.

Plapao Laboratories Inc.,
St. Louis, Mo.

Gentlemen:—

In February I saw an ad in the Syracuse Journal of your Plapao-Pads and I wrote your company and asked for more information. You sent on the required blanks and I filled them out and sent you a check for the goods. In due time the goods arrived and I applied them as the instructions said and after ten days I saw no more rupture. I continued to wear them for five weeks. In the meantime I was working in the milk station daily lifting over 10,000 pounds of milk each morning and doing hard work all day. After five weeks I took the Plapao-Pads off but wore a support for about thirty days. I then removed the support and have worn nothing since, working daily in the milk station.

I am 58 years old and have been ruptured for sixteen years.

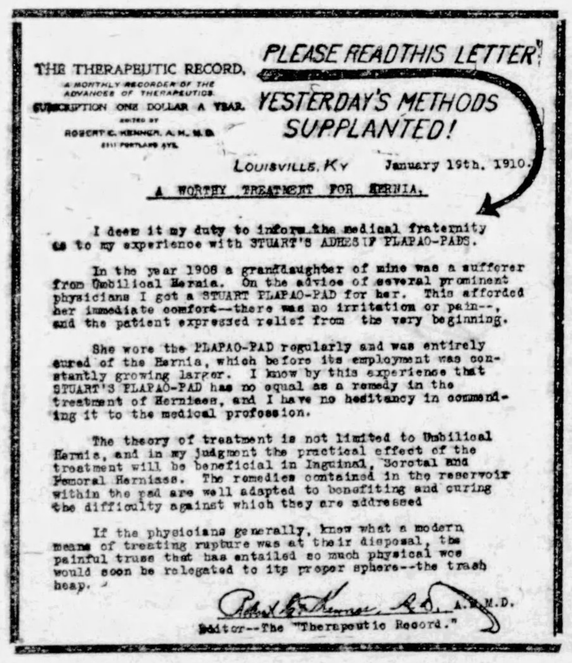
This is an unsolicited letter and any reference as to your Plapao-Pads will be gladly answered. You have permission also to use my letter.

Yours respectfully,
(Signed) J. R. BURLEIGH.

State of NEW YORK,
County of ONEIDA, ss.

This is to certify that Mr. J. R. Burleigh personally appeared before me on this 12th day of July in the year of our Lord, nineteen hundred and twenty and declares under oath that the statements made in the above letter are true in every respect and that he executed the same as his free act and deed.

(Signed) C. F. NIEBERGALL,
Notary Public.



THE THERAPEUTIC RECORD,
A MONTHLY RECORDER OF THE ADVANCES OF THERAPEUTICS.
SUBSCRIPTION ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.
EDITED BY ROBERT G. KENNER, A. M., M. D.

PLEASE READ THIS LETTER!
YESTERDAY'S METHODS SUPPLANTED!

LOUISVILLE, KY January 19th, 1910.

A WORTHY TREATMENT FOR HERNIA.

I deem it my duty to inform the medical fraternity as to my experience with STUART'S ADHESIVE PLAPAO-PADS.

In the year 1908 a granddaughter of mine was a sufferer from Umbilical Hernia. On the advice of several prominent physicians I got a STUART PLAPAO-PAD for her. This afforded her immediate comfort—there was no irritation or pain—, and the patient expressed relief from the very beginning.

She wore the PLAPAO-PAD regularly and was entirely cured of the Hernia, which before its employment was constantly growing larger. I know by this experience that STUART'S PLAPAO-PAD has no equal as a remedy in the treatment of Herniess, and I have no hesitancy in commending it to the medical profession.

The theory of treatment is not limited to Umbilical Hernia, and in my judgment the practical effect of the treatment will be beneficial in Inguinal, Scrotal and Femoral Herniass. The remedies contained in the reservoir within the pad are well adapted to benefiting and curing the difficulty against which they are addressed

If the physicians generally, know what a modern means of treating rupture was at their disposal, the painful truss that has entailed so much physical woe would soon be relegated to its proper sphere—the trash heap.

Robt G. Kenner A.M. M.D.
Editor—The "Therapeutic Record."

Greenville County,
Taylors, S. C.,
January 7, 1921.

Plapao Laboratories, Inc.,
St. Louis, Missouri.

Gentlemen:—

In November, 1882, I was badly ruptured while attending domestic duties. Physicians gave me no relief. Trusses of which many were tried, both spring and others highly recommended, were of no value. Did more harm than good. Years of severe suffering passed. Several times I saw the advertisement of Plapao-Pads but did not understand it. Last spring a friend sent me a copy of "Good Stories", and in it I saw a sample of Plapao Ointment would be sent any person suffering from rupture on application. Immediately the trial offer was complied with.

Was so pleased with the Plapao that it resulted in my ordering a series of three Plapao-Pads. In two months by carefully following the directions, I found myself well. However, to meet all requirements, used the treatment the full three months. Can now say with confidence in a fuller, stronger light I am well. Wish all sufferers understood this remedy for rupture, as I surely think there would be less suffering. Shall always remember with gratitude my cure and the kindness of the proprietors and manufacturers of the Plapao-Pads.

You may wish to know more definitely who I am. My father, Rev. John Watts, was a member of the South Carolina Conference of the M. E. church South, for over 60 years, being ordained in Charleston, S. C., in 1825. Having passed my 70th birthday, my case is remarkable, and I wish to say that you have my permission to use this letter of testimony and I will gladly answer any letters which are sent me.

Yours very truly,
(Signed) S. E. WATTS.

State of SOUTH CAROLINA,
County of GREENVILLE, ss.

This is to certify that Mr. S. E. Watts personally appeared before me on this 24th day of January in the year of our Lord Nineteen Hundred and Twenty-One, and declares under oath that the statements made in the above letter are true in every respect and that he executed the same as his free act and deed.

(Signed) W. T. COLEMAN,
Notary Public.

My commission expires (at the pleasure of the Governor.)

Newark, N. J.,
136 New York Ave.,
February 16, 1920.

Plapao Laboratories Inc.,
St. Louis, Mo.

Gentlemen:—

I had been ruptured for one year and a half before I used your Plapao-Pads.

There is no one can tell how I suffered with my rupture, it was unbearable. I was about to go under an operation when I ran across an advertisement of your rupture cure and tried it with success.

I used the Plapao-Pads for three months and have been permanently cured. Three years went by without any return of my ailment.

I would recommend this to anybody who is afflicted, and you have my permission to use this letter.

Sincerely yours,
(Signed) WM. WATERBURY.

State of NEW JERSEY,
County of ESSEX, ss.

This is to certify that Mr. William Waterbury personally appeared before me on this 27th day of February, in the year of our Lord, nineteen hundred and twenty and declared under oath that the statements made in the above letter are true in every respect and that he executed the same as his free act and deed.

(Signed) JOHN H. BROEMEL,
Notary Public.

These are only a few of the hundreds of enthusiastic letters we have received from those cured by the **PLAPAO-PADS**. It is reasonable that they should do the same for you. Give them a chance.

Make This Test at Our Expense

We want you to make a personal test of this remarkable scientific treatment at our expense, and the more severe the test, the better we will like it. The test costs you **nothing**. We take all risk. Simply return the coupon.

FREE---to the Ruptured---FREE

Reduced Fac-Simile Gold Medal awarded at Rome

No Charge for It—Now or Ever

This generous offer is made by the inventor of the **PLAPAO-PADS** to enable **10,000** more rupture sufferers to learn of the wonderful benefits to be derived from wearing the **PLAPAO-PADS**. We want to prove to you that you can conquer your rupture, right at home, while going about your daily duties, and at the same time rid yourself of the disagreeable, torturous truss forever. Send no money. This trial costs you nothing—now or ever. Just mail the coupon, but don't delay. "Be wise today, 'tis madness to defer."

Reduced Fac-Simile

Grand Prix awarded at Paris

Mail the Coupon Today

10,000 Rupture Sufferers to Get TRIAL PLAPAO and Illustrated Book on RUPTURE Absolutely FREE!

Send No Money---Just This Coupon

Plapao Laboratories, Inc. Date.....
720 Stuart Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

Gentlemen: Without any charge for it—now or over—please send, by return mail, trial of PLAPAO and illustrated book on rupture.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

DAWES BUDGET SYSTEM CHIEF

Chicago Man Appointed to Place Where He'll Prune All Accounts.

Charles G. Dawes of Chicago will be the head of the new federal budget system.

The President was looking for a man of fiscal experience who would not be afraid to wield the pruning knife in government expenditures, and he believes that Mr. Dawes is excellently qualified in every particular.

Mr. Dawes, who is chairman of the Central Trust Co. of Chicago, former controller of the currency, and former brigadier general in charge of purchases with the American expeditionary forces, has been keenly interested in governmental economy.

Under the budget law the director of the budget prepares a complete budget, including estimates of expenditures and revenues, making cuts from the estimates as furnished by the department heads. The President transmits the budget to congress.

The director of the budget becomes one of the most powerful figures in the government service.

While the budget bureau is located in the treasury department, under the law the director of the bureau is responsible only to the President.

Declaring congress has provided pitifully inadequate machinery for the new Bureau of the Budget, Charles G. Dawes, director-designate of the bureau, has announced that in organizing his office he would have to put chief reliance on the volunteer services of experienced business men.

"When the call came to me to take this place," said Mr. Dawes, in a statement in which he appealed to business men to give their assistance without compensation, "I had the same abhorence of the thought of leaving private life to engage in such a task as you have. Only the thought that if I declined the President's call in a time of business emergency like this, I would regard myself as a pusillanimous quitter the rest of my life, led me to accept.

"If there is one of you who, after enjoying the benefits of great prosperity, success and prestige under the protection of a government which you claim to love, declines to accept this call except for reasons of life and death, your conscience will be cursed by the same conviction."

Congress, the statement said, had given the budget director authority to choose only four paid assistants at a salary of not over $6,000 each

One might as well be handed a toothpick, continued Mr. Dawes, "with which to tunnel Pikes Peak."

In addition to the volunteer aid to be summoned, the new director said he would ask the war department to detail to his bureau Brigadier General George V. Moseley and Colonel Henry Smither, because of their experience in foreign work in the A. E. F. He announced that William T. Abbott, his associate in business in Chicago, would serve temporarily as assistant director and that Francis J. Kilkenny, his confidential secretary, and J. C. Roop of New York also had offered to contribute their services.

The period for which the volunteers are to be summoned will begin August 1, a month after the budget law becomes effective, and will continue until December 1, when the annual budget is to be submitted to congress. In detailing the plan Mr. Dawes let it be known that he himself expected to retire from the directorship as soon as the December

ASPIRIN

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Take Aspirin only as told in each package of genuine Bayer Tablets of Aspirin. Then you will be following the directions and dosage worked out by physicians during 21 years, and proved safe by millions. Take no chances with substitutes. If you see the Bayer Cross on tablets, you can take them without fear for Colds, Headache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Earache, Toothache, Lumbago and for Pain. Handy tin boxes of twelve tablets cost few cents. Druggists also sell larger packages. Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid.

HE'S BEEN CALLING PEOPLE NAMES AGAIN!
HE CALLED THOSE IRISH WHO SIDED WITH GERMANY DURING THE WAR A LOT OF ASSES
AND HE CALLED THE IRISH-AMERICANS WHO ARE TRYING TO MAKE TROUBLE BETWEEN ENGLAND AND U.S A LOT OF JACKASSES
WELL THAT'S ABOUT THE DISTINCTION I'D MAKE MYSELF

THAT NAUGHTY LITTLE SIMS BOY

BOMBS FROM AIRCRAFT BRING SPEEDY DOOM TO SUBMARINE

A speedy and decisive demonstration of the destructive power of bombs dropped by planes in flight upon a surface war vessel and a dramatic rescue from the sea of the oldest flier in the army service, whose land plane was forced by engine trouble to descend, marked the first day's program of the bombing exercises conducted by army and navy fliers in conjunction with the Atlantic fleet.

The ex-German submarine U-117 was sunk by the first division of three navy F-5-L seaplanes that attempted its destruction. Twelve bombs were dropped in two attacks. At least one direct hit was scored and the submersible sank in 50 fathoms of water within 40 minutes after the three bombing planes were first sighted.

Lieut. Col. Clarence C. Culver of Washington, chief of the radio division of the army air service, flying a Sopworth experimental plane carrying a radio outfit, was compelled to land on the water near the Henderson just as the submarine disappeared beneath the surface. His rescue by the crew of a large seaplane which had been resting on the water waiting to carry newspaper dispatches to Norfolk, provided an exciting and dramatic finish for the day's exercises.

Pleases Army Men.

The finish of the German submarine U-117 was too speedy to suit the large gallery of spectators aboard the Henderson. It pleased the representatives of the army air service immensely, however, and was declared by them to demonstrate that their contentions as to the destructive power of air bombs have been well founded.

Navy authorities, on the other hand, point out that the planes which destroyed the U-117 flew at an altitude of but 1,100 feet, that the submarine was helpless and stationary and that the conditions of actual warfare were not even closely approximated.

At 9:59 the three navy F-5-L-S were first sighted. At 10:15 the three planes flew over the U-117 and discharged three bombs, one from each plane. These were in the nature of range-finding bombs and none struck the U-117 boat. One of the bombs fell on the portside of the submarine amidships and the other two fell on the starboard. At 10:32 the three planes let go their second salvo. This time all the remaining bombs were dropped, three from each plane. The bombs were eight seconds in falling.

One direct hit was indicated by the dense black smoke that arose with the spray. The other eight bombs hit close alongside the target. At 10:38 the bow of the U-boat submerged and at 10:38:15 the conning tower went under. At 10:39 it disappeared beneath the water. Several torpedo cases floated away on the surface, but of the U-117 there was no other trace.

The bombs weighed a total of 163 pounds and contained 117 pounds of TNT. The F-5-L ships each carried a crew of five men, two pilots, one bomber, one radio operator and one engineman.

Congressman Hicks of New York, one of the congressmen aboard the Henderson, declared after the first test that in his opinion the result would have been the same if a modern battleship instead of a submarine had been the target. Hicks, who is also a member of the house naval affairs committee, said: "The initial tests were eminently successful and the bombers showed surprising accuracy. The officers in charge are to be congratulated on the manner in which they have worked out all details of the attack. In my opinion if a modern battleship had been used as a target instead of a submarine it would have been seriously damaged.

"Of course, actual war conditions did not prevail. The submarine was like a lion in a cage and could not fight back. But these tests have impressed me more and more with the ultimate dependence we must place on aircraft in naval warfare."

Lieutenant Delos Thomas commanded the division which sank the U-117. The planes were in charge of Lieutenant Keene, Lieutenant Rummell and Lieutenant Garvey.

TO ARGUE LIVE STOCK RATES BEFORE I. C. C. ON JULY 15

Petitions of livestock shippers and others for reduction of freight rates on livestock was set by the interstate commerce commission for oral argument July 15. The commission had been told that freight rates amounted to as high as 19.2 per cent of the selling price on cattle shipped from Montana to Chicago.

The states of South Dakota, Montana, Nevada and Arizona have intervened in the cast and North Dakota, Iowa, Nebraska and Kansas have furnished data to the commission on conditions in the livestock industry, which is said to be in a precarious condition due to the high freight rates.

Grain Men Discuss Rules to Clean Up Chicago Wheat Pit

Following attacks upon it by congressmen, state legislators, wheat growers and reformers, four committees of the Chicago Board of Trade are busy devising "self-cleaning" regulations aimed to remove the odium of gambling in life's necessities. President Joseph P. Griffin, of the Board of Trade, said drastic amendments would be suggested to:

1. Provide against manipulation of the market, either upward or downward.

2. Prevent over-trading, spectacular trading, matching orders, and against all other practices not in line with good business ethics.

3. Regulate all operations tending to have an undue influence upon prices through the trading of individuals and others.

4. Provide strict censorship of market news with punishment to members of circulating false news.

5. Permit trading in futures, but to limit such trading to a specified period.

6. Abolish all indemnities.

DENBY REBUKES ADMIRAL SIMS

Unqualified Disapproval Is Expressed at Jackass Speech of Sea Dog.

A second public reprimand for breach of naval discipline stands against the record of Rear Admiral William S. Sims as a result of his speech in London, June 7, criticizing Sinn Feiners in the United States. Secretary Denby formally advised Admiral Sims of this decision a few hours before the officer left for Newport to resume his duties as head of the navy war college.

"I got what I deserved; the same old thing," Admiral Sims said, as he left the White House where he had called upon President Harding at the moment the reprimand was being made public. He expressed regret that he had caused the administration inconvenience, and added that, so far as he was concerned, he considered the incident closed.

The visit to the White House was one of routine custom, it was said, and so far as could be learned, the reprimand was not discussed there.

Secretary Denby, in his communication to Admiral Sims called the latter's attention to the similar action taken against him in 1911 when he assured a British audience that, in the event of an external attack, they could count on the last drop of blood and the last dollar of their kinsmen overseas.

"Your remarks on the occasion now under discussion," the secretary wrote, "constitute therefore, a flagrant and deliberate disregard of specific instructions.

"The department deplores the fact that it is necessary to rebuke a flag officer in public, but you have made such action unavoidable.

"The department expresses its strong and unqualified disapproval of your conduct in having again delivered a highly improper speech in a foreign country and you are hereby publicly reprimanded."

It took Rear Admiral William Snowden Sims just two minutes to "explain" to Secretary of the Navy Denby his famous "jackass" speech in London which resulted in his leave being cancelled and his being peremptorily ordered to return to the United States.

Admiral Sims informed the secretary, in one of the shortest interviews on record, that he had been misquoted by the press in the reports of his speeches cabled to this country whereupon Secretary Denby asked him to reduce his explanation to writing and that ended the "carpet session" from a personal standpoint, at least.

Pancho Villa, Once Desperate Bandit, Now Philanthropist

"Dr." Francisco Villa, philanthropist and benefactor, if you please.

He is no longer "Pancho" Villa, the arch terror of Mexico, the bandit leader, the outlaw, the bloody desperado who ordered men shot before breakfast for holding out on the loot.

For Villa really has reformed. According to official reports which have come to the United States authorities he is today a veritable Billy Sunday, spreading peace and good will instead of terrorism in the land below the Rio Grande.

"General Vlila, in six months," says a confidential report that has come through military channels, "has done more actual good to his country than 100 Billy Sundays could have done in six months."

"How come?" asks the man in the street.

Read the official report and learn of this amazing transformation. The report in addition to the foregoing quotation says:

"General Francisco Villa, with 800 of his former followers and their families, is today colonized on a large farm of almost 500,000 acres in the north central part of the state of Durango, near the boundary line of Coahuila.

"Villa, with his adherents, has now been there for about six months. He has ready for market over 50,000 bushels of wheat. Several thousand acres are under cultivation, planted to corn, beans and vegetables.

"Canutillo farm is today described as one of the most productive and prosperous in northern Mexico. General Villa is living in peace and quiet with his wife and children. He is stated to have under construction public schools to accommodate more than 500 pupils. Teachers for these will be provided by the government.

"Villa lives among his people as chief and instructor. He has actually reformed and taught honest work to hundreds of the worst bandits Mexico ever saw."

Not a Silver Thread

Mary T. Goldman restored her own gray hair 50 years ago and hasn't had a silver thread since. She shows you how with a free trial bottle of Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer.

Fill out the coupon carefully, send it today. By return mail you will receive a trial bottle and special application comb.

This free trial is your protection against the many imitations. Try it first—learn what it does, then don't accept substitutes. Buy from your druggist, or direct from us.

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medium brown____ light brown____
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Co. _____ State _____

Russian Children Taught Doctrines of Reds by Soviet

Most of the younger generation of Russians are Bolshevik, says Captain Merion C. Cooper of Jacksonville, Fla., the American flyer who was captured by Russians while serving in the Polish army and recently escaped from a Moscow prison. He attributes this to the Bolshevik educational system, under which Communism is taught in the schools.

"The schools are all Red," he said, "and the educational program prescribes that the first thing to be developed in the mind of the child is the revolutionary conscience.' In prison, I saw, several times, children visit their parents, the latter being anti-Bolshevik. The children were 'Reds' and accepted their parents imprisonment philosophically, wondering how they could go against the tenets they had been taught to absorb in the classroom."

Vying with this system of educating the children, said Captain Cooper, is the wonderful propaganda system by which the Bolsheviki attempt to convert the adults.

"Their Communist lecturers work even in the prisons, trying to convert the prisoners," he continued. "They even tried it on me. There were lectures or classes held very frequently. If a man said he was converted and could convince the prison committee of that fact, he generally was released.

"Further in the line of skilled propaganda was the excellent treatment of the Rolish war prisoners just before they were returned to Poland, under the repatriation agreement of the Polish-Russian peace treaty. Before each bunch was repatriated all of the soldiers in it were given new clothes and new shoes, being well fed for several weeks, so that when they arrived in Poland they looked well fed, well dressed and, in short, were walking advertisements for the Soviet government."

ENRICH YOUR BLOOD

With organic iron—Nuxted Iron—it's like the iron in your blood and the iron in spinach, lentils and apples—will not blacken or injure the teeth nor upset the stomach. Entirely different from metallic iron. It quickly helps put strength into your muscles and color into your cheeks. Get your doctor to make your red blood count today, then take Nuxated Iron for a few weeks and watch your red blood corpuscles increase; see how much purer and richer your blood becomes; how much stronger and better you feel; what a difference it makes in your nerves. Over 4,000,000 people annually are using Nuxated Iron. Your money will be refunded if you do not obtain satisfactory results. In tablet form only. At all druggists.

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in New York City alone from kidney trouble last year. Don't allow yourself to become a victim by neglecting pains and aches. Guard against trouble by taking

GOLD MEDAL HAARLEM OIL CAPSULES

The world's standard remedy for kidney, liver, bladder and uric acid troubles. Holland's national remedy since 1696. All druggists, three sizes. Guaranteed.

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NATE PROBES VIATOR'S CASE

stigates Dismissal of Cap- in Chamberlain, Texas irman, From Marines.

investigation is to be made e senate naval affairs commit- f the dismissal from the ma- corps of Captain Edmund G. berlain, the San Antonio, s, aviator, whose story of par- tion in a thrilling air battle he Western front was one of ensations of the World war. thority for the investigation been granted by the senate, h adopted a resolution to that offered by Senator Sheppard, ocrat, Texas. The latter, in urg- the inquiry, described Captain berlain's court martial and dis- l as "another Dreyfus case."

e marine corps officer claimed on July 28, 1918, while on fur- he visited a British sector, owed a British airplane and in ght over the front lines took in a battle with 12 German ma- es. He asserted that he de- ed five of the German planes, aged two others and, sweeping ward in his damaged machine, ered a detachment of German ers, landed, took a German ner by pretending that a com- was a bomb, and then carried a nded French soldier to safety.

e story of the exploit as told by mberlain was cabled to the ed States by the official commit- on public information and rec- mendations were made that the r be awarded the American l of honor and the British Vic- Cross. Denial of the officer's by British officers led to an in- gation and court martial pro- ings. Chamberlain contended the failure of the British fliers orroborate his story was due to fear that an admission that an erican officer had used a British e would have resulted in their t martial.

he court martial, the proceedings hich were reviewed by Rear Ad- l Sims, then commander of erican naval forces in British rs, recommended Chamberlain's issal. He was returned to the ed States, and pending review of case, remained under arrest, g confined in the District of mbia.

SLIE FORTUNE SPENT FOR SUFFRAGE CAUSE

rs. Carrie Chapman Catt, who the legatee receiving the $1,- 389 estate of Mrs. Frank ie, announced that $500,000 of estate had already been spent woman suffrage work in the ed States and that the remain- would soon be consumed in the erican dependencies of the Phil- nes, Porto Rico and Hawaii. unds also were supplied, she to suffrage campaigns in Hun- Switzerland, Italy, France and ium. Mrs. Catt made the an- ncement in refutation of rumors h she said were current that the e might be used as a foundation for woman suffrage. She said had been named legatee because, president of the International man Suffrage Alliance, she could ct the use of the funds. Mrs. ie died Sept. 18, 1914.

STRALIA LABOR OPPOSES ANGLO-JAPANESE PACT

t a conference of the Aus- lian labor party a resolution adopted protesting against a ewal of the Anglo-Japanese ty "or any purely military or et treaty containing the germs future warfare."

Rheumatism

Remarkable Home Treatment Given by One Who Had It

In the year of 1893 I was attacked by uscular and Sub-Acute Rheumatism. I ffered as only those who are thus icted know for over three years. I ed remedy after remedy, but such re- as I obtained was only temporary. ally, I found a treatment that cured completely and such a pitiful condi- n has never returned. I have given it a number who were terribly afflicted, n bedridden, some of them seventy to nty years old, and the results were the me as in my own case.

I want every sufferer from any form of uscular and sub-acute (swelling at the nts) rheumatism, to try the great value my improved "Home Treatment" for remarkable healing power. Don't send ent; simply mail your name and ad- ess, and I will send it free to try. fter you have used it, and it has proven elf to be that long-looked for means of tting rid of such forms of rheumatism, u may send the price of it, One Dollar. understand I do not want your money nless you are perfectly satisfied to send Isn't that fair? Why suffer any nger, when relief is thus offered you ee. Don't delay. Write today.

ark H. Jackson, 812-G Durston Bldg., Syracuse, N. Y.

Mr. Jackson is responsible. Above state- ent true.

AY FEVER

TREATMENT sent by mail to any sufferer. Please state ave. If satisfied send $1.00. If not, don't. Write for day. W. K. STERLINE, 631 Ohio Ave., SIDNEY, OHIO

THE LATEST MARKETS

Wheat was slightly higher than the previous week but bearish sentiment predominated in the market at the opening on Monday. This feeling is caused by expectations of a free movement of the new crop. Continued rains in the southwest and further dry weather northwest failed to have more than a transient effect upon prices. In the produce market there were few changes, though eggs are a cent higher and some varieties of hides have been marked lower.

Grain

Wheat, cash, $1.36; July, $1.33; Sept., $1.28. Corn, cash, 63½c. Oats, cash, 40½c. Barley, cash, 65c. Rye, No. 2, cash, $1.28. Cloverseed, cash, $13.75; Oct., $11.90; Dec., $11.60; Feb., $11.75; March, $11.75. Alsike, August, $11.50; Oct., $11.50. Timothy, cash, 1918, $2.95; 1919, $3.00; 1920, $3.05; Sept., $3.40; Oct., $3.30.

Chicago—Wheat, July, $1.30½; Sept., $1.25½. Corn, July, 62⅝c; Sept., 63¼c; Dec., 61½c. Oats, July, 38½c; Sept., 40⅜c; Dec., 42⅛c. Barley, July, 65½c; Sept., 63½c. Rye, July, $1.23¾; Sept., $1.09¾.

Produce

TOLEDO—Butter—Fancy Elgin, creamery, 1-lb. prints, 37c; solid pack, 36c; nut margarine, 21c.

Cheese—Fancy brick, 20c; limburger, New York, 2-lb. bricks, 25c; Wisconsin, 1-lb., 31c; domestic, 32c; new Michigan, 19@20c; longhorn, 19@20c.

Eggs—Candled, 29c; selects, 33c.

Bacon—Fat, 17c; lean, 26½c; wide, 6 to 8 lbs., 23½c; 9 to 10 lbs., 22½c; 11 to 12 lbs., 21½c; 13 to 15 lbs., 15½c. Hams, 27c. Lard, 9½c. Sausage—Bologna, 16c; frankfurters, 19c; fresh pork, 15c; luncheon, 17c.

Live poultry—Ducks, 28@30c; turkeys, 38@40c; geese, 18@20c; chickens, 24@25c; old roosters, 13@15c; broilers, 30@40c.

Hides—No. 1, 4c; No. 2, 3c; bull, 2c; green calf, No. 1, 13c; No. 2, 11½c; kip, 7c; No. 2 kip, 5½;c cured hides, No. 1, 5c; No. 2, 4c; horse hides, $1.50; sheep pelts, 30c.

Cleveland—Butter—Extra, in tubs, 39½@40c; prints, 40½@41c; extra firsts, 38½@39c; firsts, 37½@38c; seconds, 30½@31½c; fancy dairy, 19½@28c; packing stock, 13½@18c. Eggs—fresh gathered, northern, extras, 29½c; extra firsts, 28½c; Ohio firsts, new cases, 27c; old cases, 26½@27c; western firsts, new cases, 26c. Oleomargarine, lb. prints, nut oleo, 20@21c; high grade animal oleo, 23@23½c; lower grades, 18c. Cheese—York state, new stock, 18@19c; brick, 18½@19c; limburger, fancy, 30c; Swiss, 35@36c and up. Poultry—Live, heavy fowls, 28@29c; roosters, 16c; broilers, 30@43c; live spring ducks, 30@35c. Potatoes—Ohio and New York round white, $1.40@1.75 a 100-lb. sack; northern No. 1, $3.50@3.75 a bbl. of 165 lbs., $2.25 a 100-lb.sack.

Chicago—Butter higher; creamery extras, 33c; standards, 32c; firsts, 28@32c; seconds, 24@27c. Eggs, higher; receipts, 17,354 cases; firsts, 25@25½c; standards, 26c; ordinary firsts, 22@23c; at mark, cases included, 23@24½c. Poultry, alive, lower; fowls, 26c; broilers, 35@44c.

New York—Butter steady; receipts, 21,445; creamery, higher than extras, 34½@35c; creamery, extras (92 score), 33½@34c; creamery, firsts (88 to 91 score), 31@33c; packing stock, current make, No. 2, 19c. Eggs, irregular; receipts, 32,065; fresh gathered, extra firsts, 28½@30½c; do., firsts, 25@28c; state, Pennsylvania and nearby western hennery whites, firsts to extras, 30@39c; do., browns, extras, 33@34c; do., nearby gathered browns and mixed colors, firsts to extras, 25½@32c. Cheese, steady; receipts, 2,421; state, whole milk, flats, fresh specials, 15½@16½c; do., average run, 14½@15¼c; state, whole milk twins, specials, 15½@16¼c; do., average run, 14½@15c. Live and dressed poultry steady and unchanged.

Live Stock

Cleveland—Hogs—Receipts, 5,000; lower; heavies, $8.00; yorkers, $9.10; pigs, $9.10. Sheep, $6.50; lambs, $11.00. Calves, $10.50; cattle, $8.75.

Pittsburgh—Cattle—Receipts, 2,000; steady; steers, $8.35@8.75; heifers, $6.75@7.50; cows, $4.00@6.00. Hogs—Receipts, 7,200; higher; heavies, $8.70@8.80; heavy yorkers, light yorkers and pigs, $9.25@9.35. Sheep and lambs—Receipts, 4,000; higher; top sheep, $5.50; top lambs, $11.00; lower. Calves—Receipts, 1,500; lower; top, $10.50.

East Buffalo—Cattle—Receipts, 500; dull. Calves—Receipts, 850; slow; $1.50 lower; $5.00@10.50. Hogs—Receipts, 2,400; steady; heavy, mixed yorkers, light yorkers and pigs, $9.25; roughs, $7.00@7.25; stags, $4.50@5.50. Sheep and lambs—Receipts, 400; slow; lambs, $5.00@11.50; yearlings, $8.50@9.00; wethers, $5.00@5.50; ewes, $1.00@4.50; mixed sheep, $4.50@5.00.

Kansas City, Mo.—(United States Bureau of Markets)—Cattle—Receipts, 50; for week: Beef steers mostly 25c to 40c lower; bulk fat she-stock barely steady; better grade heifers, steady to 25c higher; canners, stockers and feeders steady to strong; bulls and calves steady. Hogs—Receipts, 400; active; choice 200-lb. hogs to packers, $7.90. Sheep—No receipts; for week: Sheep 50@75c lower; lambs, $1.75@2.00 lower.

East St. Louis—(U. S. Bureau of Markets)—Cattle—Receipts, 300; compared with a week ago: Native steers, light yearlings and bulls steady to 25c lower; Texas steers, 25c to 50c lower; veal calves, 50c to $1.00 lower. Hogs—Receipts, 2,000; market slow, about steady; butchers strong to 10c higher; lightweights and lights, 10c lower; top, $8.80; bulk lights and medium weights, $8.60@8.75; no heavies here; packer sows steady; few pigs going unsold. Sheep—Receipts, none; practically no market; about 400 best holdover lambs sold at $9.00 with culls out at $4.50; over 1,000 unsold; market compared with week ago, about steady.

Chicago—(United States Bureau of Markets)—Cattle—Receipts, 1,000; compared with a week ago choice prime fed steers, 10c to 25c lower; in-between grades, 25c to 50c lower; common and grassy kinds, 75c to $1.00 lower; butcher she-stock slow, generally steady; canners and cutters and bulls, 25c to 50c lower; veal calves, 50c to 75c higher; spot cows and heifers, 25c to 50c lower. Hogs—Receipts, 5,000; light hogs and butchers steady to strong, others mostly 10c to 15c lower; top, $8.80; bulk, $8.10@8.75; pigs nominally steady. Sheep—Receipts, 6,000; compared with week ago, lights mostly steady; some natives lower; low grades and heavy sheep around steady; fat handy weights, mostly 50c higher.

FARM VALUES SHOW BIG GAIN IN TEN YEARS

Continued From Page One.

farms. There are 6,48,366 farms in the United States, as aginst 6,361,502 in 1910. The increase is 86,864, or 1.4 per cent. In contrast, the increase from 1900 to 1910 was 10.9 per cent.

Land in farms has increased from 878,798,325 acres in 1910 to 955,676,545 in 1920, or 8.7 per cent. The greater part of this increase was in the mountain states, where 57,800,000 acres were taken up in the decade, Montana alone adding 22,000,000 acres. Outside the mountain states the Dakotas and Nebraska showed the largest increases.

Improved land now totals 506,982,301 acres, as against 478,451,750 in 1910, an increase of 28,530,551 acres, or 6 per cent. The average acreage per farm in 1920 was 148.2 acres. It compares with 138.1 acres in 1910 and is the highest since the census of 1870. Improved acreage per farm is 78.6 acres, as against 75.2 in 1910, and it is the highest since 1860.

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Go over them each week and write to advertisers whose proposition interest you. Say you saw the ad in THE TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE.

Over One Million Persons See These Little Ads Every Week

CHARGE FOR SPACE—75c cents per line (count six words to a line). Send cash with order. No advertisement accepted for less than two lines nor more than forty-two lines. Advertisements that reach us Tuesday morning will appear in issue of that week.

Only Reliable Advertisements Printed

MALE HELP.

Splendid clerical work opportunity. Spare or whole time. No canvassing, good money. Chautauqua Business Builders, Jamestown, N. Y.

FEMALE HELP WANTED.

Wanted women—Become Dress Designers. $35 week. Learn while earning. Sample lessons free. Franklin Institute, Dept. M-537, Rochester, N. Y.

AGENTS.

Sell Whisky, Rum, Brandy and Gin flavors; wonderful drinks; enormous profits; Sample One Dollar. Dr. Steen Research Laboratories, Box 559, Worcester, Mass.

TOBACCO HABIT.

Tobacco or snuff habit cured or no pay, $1.00 if cured. Remedy sent on trial. Superba Co., TH., Baltimore, Md.

MEDICAL.

PILES—CURED OR NO PAY. $2 if cured. Remedy sent on trial. Kuro Remedy Company, Dept. 23, Kansas City, Mo.

MISCELLANEOUS FARMS FOR SALE.

Farm With 300 Apple Trees, Horse, Crops, 6 Cows and heifers, vehicles, implements, dairy utensils, tools, etc., thrown in; happiness and prosperity yours in delightful section big fruit farms; 112 acres on good road, 1½ miles village, advantages; machine-worked fields, spring-watered pasture, abundance wood, timber; fine orchard, 300 apples, pears, plums, cherries, grapes, etc.; good 6-room house, magnificent outlook; 50-ft. basement barn, 2 poultry houses, ice house, etc. To settle owner's affairs all only $2,800, easy terms. See Page 9, Illus. Catalog 1,100 Bargains, FRED. STROUT FARM AGENCY, 150 S. Nassau st., New York City.

Trotzky and Other Soviet Heads Still Retain Authority

Leon Trotzky, the soviet war minister; M. Zinovieff, soviet governor of Petrograd; Karl Radek, and their followers, won preliminary skirmishes over the more conservative elements and have been assigned leading roles in the Third Internationale of Moscow, says information from the soviet capital.

A Moscow dispatch from the official bolshevik agency, Rosta, says:

"The executive committee of the internationale together with delegates already have arrived and worked out the plan for the congress. To Zinovieff has been assigned the report on the activity of the executive committee; to Trotzky the international situation and the problems of the communist internationale; to Radek problems of tactics. The report on the international and external situation of Russia will be made by Lenine, and Hinchook of the Russian Central cooperative union, will report on the co-operatives. Zinovieff has been slated as chairman with his deputies Kennan, Lorio and Giunari.

Lorio is a Frenchman, Giunari an Italian and Kennan probably an Englishman. From this slate it appears that the old Russian group will have complete preliminary control of the internationale while the Germans are not even represented among the vice-chairmen.

Nikolai Lenine's activity apparently is confined to Russian affairs and an indication of the change in policy. The recently published statement in the Moscow Pravda on the tactics of the Third Internationale by Karl Radek declared that [illegible] time for propaganda ha[illegible] that direct action wa[illegible]

Claims Submarines Run Secretly From U. S. to Irish Port

Two submarines, flying the Irish Republican flag, maintain a regular under-sea passenger service between this country and Ireland for officials and agents of the Irish republic, Captain Chanley, wounded veteran of the Sixty-ninth regiment of New York, reports. He is also secretary of the New York council of the American Association for the Recognition of the Irish Republic.

Eamonn De Valera, "President of the Irish Republic," arrived in this country in 1919 in an Irish submarine, Chanley declares, and left secretly for Ireland several months ago in the same fashion. Several other Irish diplomats have patronized the same line, he says. The line is still in commission and "functioning regularly," although he refused to give any details about the present whereabouts of the vessels. There are others available for the same traffic in case of any rush of business, he asserted.

Donal O'Callaghan, lord mayor of Cork, who disappeared from the United States after he had been given until June 6 to reship for Ireland as a seaman by the department of labor, is said to have returned to Ireland by the submarine route.

Little Flappers' Legs Should Be Hidden by Law, Says Policewoman

"If a little high school flapper has pretty legs she wants [illegible] ruled no

600 Divorce[illegible]

The "com[illegible] judges on [illegible] list has [illegible] doubled [illegible] cases [illegible] in Lo[illegible] titio[illegible]

TESTS PROVE PROWESS OF U. S. GUNNERS

Destroyers and Airplanes Quickly Send Former German U-Boats to Bottom in Target Practice.

Three former German submarines rest at the bottom of the Atlantic 50 miles off the Virginia Capes and will remain there as mementoes of the marksmanship of Uncle Sam's naval bombers and gunners until the salt water corrodes and dissolves their steel structures.

The U-117 was sent to its watery resting place first, when naval fliers sank it with 12 bombs dropped from three planes. The U-140 and the U-148 joined the U-117 the next day, when two United States destroyers pumped the sides of the U-boats as full of holes as sieves. The U-111, the fourth German submarine turned over to the United States by the armistice terms, also would have been sent to the bottom by American shells from the sky or from naval guns if it had not sprung a leak and sunk while being towed to the target range.

A Fine Spectacle.

The sinking of the two German submersibles provided a pretty spectacle for the official guests of the navy department, aboard the Henderson. There were no aircraft participating in the exercises, the destination of the U-boats being attended to by naval gunners who had considerable experience along these lines during 1917 and 1918 under less advantageous and more warlike circumstances. Five American destroyers steaming 22 knots an hour passed the anchored target in single file. Only two of the five ships acted as executioners. The destroyer Dickerson sank the U-140 and the Sicard sent the U-148 to the bottom. The Dickerson was commanded by Commander Claude B. Mayo, who also was division commander of the five destroyers. The Sicard was in charge of Lieutenant Commander F. A. Laroche.

The two submarines were anchored 1,000 yards apart, about 4,000 yards from the Henderson.

The U-140 was sunk first. The five destroyers took their places five miles to the south and steamed at full speed in the direction of their prey. The Dickerson led the division and opened fire at 3,000 yards. The first few shots went wild, but as the range lessened shells struck the steel sides of the submarine and penetrated.

Half of Shots Hit.

Thirty-nine shots were fired in four minutes and 40 seconds. When the official observers aboard the destroyer 149 pulled alongside the U-140 to inspect it, 19 direct hits were counted and it was seen [illegible] the target [illegible] maine [illegible] [illegible] suspicion of [illegible] [illegible] rfolk, [illegible] put [illegible] re- [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]